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THE KINGDOM OF ITALY.

IF King VICTOR EMMANUEL and his Minister had not been accustomed to triumph over impossibilities, they might almost be expected to shrink even now from the task which lies before them. In one sense it might be said of their great enterprise, that nothing is done while anything remains to do; but the union of the greater part of the Peninsula into a single kingdom presented more alarming difficulties than the organization of the new State, or the future acquisition of Venetia and Rome. The King of ITALY has been obliged to extemporise in practice a new code of international law, but henceforth, as a Sovereign in possession, he holds all his dominions by a kind of acknowledged title. In public as well as in private jurisprudence, fact mellowed by degrees into legal right, and common instinct suggests that an actual state of things must, from its commencement, have some reason for existing. The great argument of professional diplomatists and politicians against the union of Italy was based on the historical ground that it had never been united. Henceforth, even if the present experiment should unhappily be interrupted, it will be difficult to deny that an event which has already happened may possibly recur. The most backward portion of the Italian population has, at least for the moment, been inspired with an enthusiastic desire for the establishment of a national kingdom. Favourable circumstances, moulded by prudent policy, may perhaps change into a permanent conviction the impression which has been produced by the efforts of the intelligent classes, and still more by the exploits of GARIBALDI. It is true that the rabble of the capital applauded the BOURBON despotism as loudly as they shout for a King who is a stranger, and for a Constitution which they are incapable of comprehending; but freedom has a wonderful property of educating nations, and it will be comparatively easy to convince the Neapolitans of the good effects of patriotism by the development of the material wealth of their neglected country.

The continued presence of the dethroned KING at Gaeta is the smallest of the difficulties which await his successor. So large a portion of the Neapolitan army has been taken or dispersed that a final and early victory cannot be doubtful. It is, indeed, surprising that so much has been done for the vindication of military honour in defence of a cause which is for the present obviously hopeless. The King of NAPLES or his advisers may perhaps have been induced to anticipate a collision between their enemies and some foreign Power; but since the participation of the Sardinian squadron in the last battle, it must be evident that the French Government is not disposed to proceed beyond mere threats and bluster. The Emperor NAPOLEON evidently allows his subordinates a considerable latitude for indulging in the dislike which all the upper classes in France cherish towards Italian freedom. The Duke of GRAMMONT assured the Roman Government that the Piedmontese invasion would be opposed; and when Mgr. DE MERODE added to the despatch the words, "with force," he was chargeable rather with verbal inaccuracy than with wilful mendacity. Opposition to an army implies something more than a protest, or than the substitution of a Secretary of Legation for an Ambassador. There can be little doubt that LAMORICIERE understood the Duke of GRAMMONT's meaning correctly, although he misapprehended the real scope of his instructions. Admiral DE TINAN may have been equally willing to display his animosity against the Italian cause, but he seems to have understood that he was restricted to verbal demonstrations. When Admiral PERSANO declined to comply with his demands, the French commander sent off for fresh instructions, as if he had exhausted the discretionary powers which he seems to have been abundantly eager to employ. The Government of Italy appears to be secure against all external interference, as long as the in-

evitable collisions with the POPE and the Austrians can be adjourned.

The single-minded enthusiasm of GARIBALDI has produced results so extraordinary that it is impossible to say whether his indifference to consequences may not hereafter prove advantageous to his country. In the meantime, his personal position and his determination to prosecute the struggle must involve Count CAVOUR in no inconsiderable embarrassment. His latest acts on the eve of the KING's arrival at Naples prove that he has never thought of subsiding for the present into the rank of an ordinary subject. Nobly exempt from selfishness and personal ambition, GARIBALDI still considers himself an independent representative and leader of the Italian people. The Government of Turin has before been forced to adopt the pledges which he has given, and, with or without its own consent, it may perhaps be drawn into the new enterprises which he has announced as confidently as if he were assuming dictatorial power instead of laying it down.

In distributing colours to his gallant Hungarian soldiers, GARIBALDI unhesitatingly announced an alliance which would involve a war of extermination between Italy and Austria. Not satisfied with the prospective possession of Venetia, the LIBERATOR proposes to establish an independent State in Hungary, and he can scarcely intend to limit the offer to the promise of his own personal services. Without analyzing his future relation to his own Government, he probably feels satisfied that his interference in the Austrian question will be indispensable; yet it will be strange if the newest of European kingdoms immediately attempts a war of conquest and revolution in a country with which it is wholly unconnected by race or by language. The possibility of collisions with Germany or with Russia must enter into the consideration of a regular Government, although GARIBALDI looks straight to his object without regard to difficulties. His usual good sense and moderation seem to have been temporarily obscured, for Hungary can assert her own rights without foreign assistance if an insurrection is thought more expedient than a constitutional agitation. The Magyar gentry, who were jealous of the supremacy of KOSSUTH, would, even in the event of war with Austria, refuse to accept the leadership of the most chivalrous foreigner. On the whole, GARIBALDI might have done wisely in saying nothing about Hungary on his own account, and he is certainly not justified in pledging his Government to participate in an alien struggle. The oath which he administered to the Legion was not a little anomalous and illogical. The Hungarians swear at the same time fidelity to VICTOR EMMANUEL and obedience to the National Committee, which must assuredly lose its authority as soon as a regular Government is finally established. There can be little doubt that, whatever formulas of allegiance may be adopted, both officers and soldiers really regard GARIBALDI as their political chief, and not merely as their military leader.

The DICTATOR's declaration of hostility to the POPE was more consistent with his proper mission, but it is likely to prove even more unseasonable. The liberation of Italy has only been rendered possible by the avoidance or postponement of the religious schism which many observers regarded as inevitable. King VICTOR EMMANUEL has, from the depths of his excommunicated condition, always professed an official orthodoxy, and Count CAVOUR lately boasted in Parliament that liberty had, in practice, proved favourable to religion. GARIBALDI, more plainspoken, if not bolder in thought, does not hesitate to declare, in the presence of a Neapolitan crowd, that the POPE is Antichrist. The proposition is sufficiently familiar to the English understanding, or rather to the lungs of Exeter Hall; but a prudent politician would have hesitated to state it in the presence of a mob which a few weeks ago worshipped the good old

chemical contrivance which is exhibited in honour of St. JANUARIUS. It is true that the POPE, especially under the protection which he at present enjoys, is one of the most dangerous enemies of Italy; but theologians are by no means agreed in considering antagonism to VICTOR EMMAUEL as the distinguishing mark of the Antichrist of the Revelations. Count CAVOUR will not be disposed to aggravate his difficulties by disputing the spiritual or figurative succession which is deduced from St. PETER. It is far more essential to remember that the seven hills are not identical with the Apostolic rock than to deduce inconvenient Protestant conclusions from political premisses. The impending conflict will be most advantageously conducted on purely secular principles. Even if the Emperor of the FRENCH were prepared to withdraw his garrison from Rome, it would be highly desirable to facilitate the measure by proving, or affecting to prove, that it could in no degree compromise the influence of the SUPREME PONTIFF over the faithful in general, and the people of Italy in particular.

The necessity of dealing with Rome and Venice perhaps supplies the best security for the amalgamation of the different portions of the Italian Kingdom. The difficult choice of a capital may be postponed on the pretext that the dignity belongs to Rome; and the Parliament, when it is assembled, is likely to agree on the conduct of the war more easily than on the arrangements required for internal organization. The habit of living under the same Government will gradually smooth over impediments to union, and if liberty has not been made impossible by the introduction of the *Code Napoléon*, Italy may at last be free as well as independent.

LESSONS IN CHINA.

THE dearly-bought, though decisive victory which has carried the Allies to Tientsin, will have brought us good beyond its immediate results if it serves to correct the levity with which Chinese wars are engaged in. If the present contest be traced back to its causes, it will be seen that the most powerful of them was the arrogant belief in Chinese cowardice which prevails extensively in England and is always rampant at Hong-Kong. The easy successes which British forces have always achieved in the Canton river, and some absurd recollections of the first Chinese war, have kept alive a contempt which now proves to be entirely unwarrantable. Nobody can now pretend to be ignorant that China in the North is a very different antagonist from China in the South. Indeed, the contrary assumption is as hasty as that of a mandarin who should take for granted that an attack on Wick or Berwick was the same thing as an attack on Portsmouth. Even the inferences drawn from the conduct of the Chinese troops in the first war are much too sweeping; for Messrs. HUC and GABET have expressed an opinion that, considering the difference of the weapons with which the English and Chinese troops were armed, it was no discredit to the courage of the Chinese that they ran away, while it would have been anything but honourable to their common sense if they had stayed. Now, however, we have had to meet soldiers who stood their ground in spite of a disproportion in the means of offence and defence which has seldom exhibited itself in the history of war. There are few armies in Europe which contain a cavalry capable of facing the Armstrong shell, if they saw it for the first time and felt themselves virtually unarmed. A bow and arrows and a gingall matched against this extraordinary triumph of Western science, experience, and ingenuity, form one of the most startling contrasts which can be conceived. Yet the Tartars, when these death-dealing missiles fell among them, were so far from running away that their first impulse seems to have been to come to a hand-to-hand engagement with their foes. The subsequent resistance at the forts was equally creditable to the Tartar troops, who were there mixed with native Chinese. The shot and shell which had been poured among them had encumbered the place with their dead in hundreds, and yet when the fort was ultimately stormed by the Allies, the undertaking proved as arduous and dangerous as any desperate assault by first-class soldiers on a completely-manned European stronghold. There is something almost ridiculous in reading the controversy on the surrender of Spoleto, or the history of the capture of Ancona, and then reflecting that the garrison of the Peiho Forts, belong to an army which has been represented as a horde of poltroons.

These victories on the Peiho are about the first occurring

in any Chinese war on which the victors are really to be congratulated. On the part of the Allies, the strategy of the generals, the gallantry of the men, and the skill of the artillery were each at their highest point, and the enemy were not unworthy of contending against so magnificent a combination of courage and resource. But it is startlingly obvious that, if similar successes are to be won hereafter, they can only be won by employing similar instruments. We shall be pretty nearly cured of our propensity to commence Chinese wars on any pretext, or none, if they can only be carried through on the same conditions on which Lord ELGIN has been enabled to reach Tientsin. Must we spend several millions, call in the assistance of the French, despatch a splendid little army and a fleet with a special equipment into unknown latitudes, make essay of a marvellous military invention, and then, after all, redeem a preliminary failure by a victory accompanied with a greater proportionate loss than was suffered in the Crimean battles—must we do this every time an editor of the *Westminster Review* takes a crotchet into his head on some obscure quirk of an international law which the Chinese do not acknowledge? It is evident we must keep our eyes upon the Hong-Kong gentlemen. They have all the contempt of the colonial Briton for his neighbours, they pay not a shilling for the armaments they bring into their seas, and they reap the consequences of the wars they force upon us in lucrative contracts while they last, and an extended trade when they are over. The expense and risk of humbling the Emperor of CHINA have increased with each successive occasion on which there has been a supposed necessity for giving him a lesson. They may be supposed to have this time pretty nearly reached their maximum; and yet who knows that they may not be carried to a still higher point? All the best authorities in China concur in asserting that the European nations, if they persist in having wars with the EMPEROR at short intervals, will end by teaching him to create an army capable of contending with them on an equality. We know that the Tartars can fight. We may conclude, from the way in which coolies attached to the allied forces behaved, that the Chinese under proper guidance will fight almost as well as the Tartars. Let us beware of giving the Imperial Government the benefit of that experience which is always gained through defeats that are not followed by utter humiliation and conquest. If there be one people in the world who, if pushed to it, would certainly succeed in imitating or rivalling the Armstrong artillery, it is the Chinese. The minute and finished manual workmanship which these implements require protect us probably against their being ever adopted in their complete shape even by the ingenious inventors of the *canon rayé*. But this perfection of detail is no protection against Chinese competition. If the stubborn pride which leads these masters of craft to adhere to their old methods be once driven out of them, they have patience, ingenuity, and fineness of touch equal to the production of any conceivable article which can be used in peace or war.

It is impossible at present to venture an opinion on Lord ELGIN's exercise of judgment in not proceeding at once to Peking. We neither know how difficult such an enterprise would have been, nor what were the instructions concerted between the French and English Governments. There is one consideration, however, which must strike everybody who reflects on the subject, and which, so far as it goes, militates against the wisdom of an immediate advance on the capital. How do we know how far the existence of the Chinese Government is bound up with the safety of Peking? It would be a most perplexing termination of the campaign if we were to discover that by capturing Peking we had in fact destroyed the central authority of China. The EMPEROR might escape from his capital; and then, for all we know, his power of compelling obedience would be at an end. Or, again, it is conceivable that he might become a prisoner when the city was taken, and that a Chinese Emperor, in the hands of a foreign enemy, might be like a watch without its works. If Paris fell into the hands of a conqueror, all France would at once obey him; but from what we know of the Chinese system, it resembles France in placing all authority at the capital, but differs from it in that the authority lodged in the capital is by no means omnipotent. M. HUC has informed us that in time of full peace, and when there is no rebellion in the country, the provinces, however they may theoretically acknowledge the right of the Peking Councils to govern them, do nevertheless constantly resist unpopular measures; so that it is impos-

sible to be sure that an Emperor in captivity, or dishonoured by the occupation of his metropolis, would be able to make us a single concession worth the paper on which it was described. In short, the problem before Lord ELGIN may be the very one which lies at the bottom of all contests with China. What is the nature, what are the powers, what is the stability of this strange mechanism? We may be grappling with a body which may dissolve altogether in the unfriendly hug. It is a curious alternative which is before us if we obtain no sufficient concessions through the present success. On the one hand, it is for our interest that the Emperor of CHINA may be strong, in order that the privileges we may extort from him may be respected by his subjects. On the other, if he continues the despotic master of so vast an Empire, the repeated blows we seem obliged to strike at him may teach him to parry them adequately—perhaps to equip, with all the resources of Western civilization, an army formed from those Tartar hosts which have twice already overrun the world.

THE PRINCE OF WALES' TOUR.

ALTHOUGH the bodily fatigue of nineteen requires a little compassion, the Prince of WALES will probably have enjoyed the silence and repose of his leisurely voyage across the Atlantic. Incessant acknowledgments of untiring salutations must have added considerably to the previous labour of endless journeys along half-constructed railways. The toils, however, of travelling are soon forgotten, while pleasanter impressions become more distinct in the memory as they gradually stand alone. At the close of the most successful progress which was ever undertaken, the Prince of WALES cannot but look back with gratification on the scenes which he has witnessed, on the hospitalities which he has received, and, above all, on the kindly enthusiasm which his presence called forth in all parts of the North American continent. The extraordinary welcome which awaited him at New York and at Boston was made consistent with a degree of good taste and good breeding which would certainly not have been exceeded in any European city. Instead of affecting to neglect its own affairs in honour of a brilliant guest, the population employed itself during a part of the PRINCE's visit in the customary political demonstrations which precede a Presidential election. The honours which were paid to the English Prince could only have been offered by freemen, too confident of the greatness of their own country to fear any misconstruction of the applause which was voluntarily bestowed on a foreigner.

It would be at the same time ungenerous and rash to attribute too serious a significance to courtesies which were personally intended for the PRINCE and for the QUEEN; yet it is not impossible that jealousies and antipathies which are exclusively founded on prejudice may be softened by even a transient and superficial excitement of opposite feelings. The chronic irritation against England which finds so many unaccountable utterances in America, is bandied backwards and forwards between political writers or speakers and the popular audiences which they address. The crowd supposes the orator to be more or less in earnest in his encouragement of the passions or opinions which he, on the other hand, assumes as existing. As soon as either party to the mystification ceases to keep up his side of the game, the whole performance is necessarily suspended, and perhaps it may not be resumed. Mr. CUSHING, or Mr. SEWARD himself, would scarcely declaim on the subject of English arrogance and weakness to great bodies of citizens who had the day before accorded to the Prince of WALES the reception due to an illustrious stranger, who was at the same time a kinsman. Almost all unreasonable things sooner or later come to an end, and the feud of 1776 may perhaps at last be forgotten or set aside on the irrelevant ground that the great-grandson of GEORGE III. has made himself popular in America.

The PRINCE has done his best to take advantage of his opportunities. By universal consent he has discharged with unerring tact the pleasant social duties of the street, the reception-hall, and the ball-room. The most susceptible of nations has found nothing to complain of or to ridicule in the graceful representative of English Royalty. The judgment and good taste which have been exhibited in these lighter matters augur well for the good sense of his approaching maturity. It is impossible that the PRINCE should have failed to amass materials for reflection, and longer experience will enable him more fully to understand the relation which

he bears both to the colonial subjects of England and to the population of the United States. He must already be well aware that even Royal life is fortunately not made up of "stupid stares and of loud huzzas," and yet he will probably retain a friendly feeling for those who have so willingly given credit to the promise of his youth. The isolation of Courts often encourages the illusion that Kings ought to exercise a political power proportionate to the deference which attends their persons. The Prince of WALES has been the object of enthusiastic applause from thousands who pride themselves on the knowledge that the establishment of Royalty among themselves is impossible. Englishmen, though they hold the same institution to be useful and perhaps indispensable, are nevertheless as fully accustomed as the Republicans of America to regulate their own interests at home and abroad. The recent tour may serve as a corrective to the exclusive freemasonry which exists among Royal personages, through the practical knowledge which it has furnished of a world wholly unrecognised in the *Gotha Almanach*.

The graver responsibilities of the journey have necessarily fallen on the Minister who was entrusted with the direction of the progress. It is not too much to say that in the discharge of his unusual duties the Duke of NEWCASTLE has displayed uniform dignity and judgment. The unpleasant necessity of checking the ill-bred Orangemen in two or three Canadian towns was not allowed to interfere farther than was absolutely necessary with the good feeling between the PRINCE and all classes of colonists. The collision itself could not have been avoided without an exhibition of timidity which would have been at the same time imprudent. The Orangemen, if they had been merely idle imitators of Irish forms, might perhaps have been treated like any other voluntary club of Foresters, or Odd Fellows, or Social Science Associates; but King WILLIAM and the Orange flag perhaps represent bitterer party feelings in Toronto than in Londonderry itself. The antagonism between Protestants and Catholics in Canada has no impartial authority to moderate it, and half the population of the colony would have resented any countenance which the PRINCE might have been thought to afford to their opponents. The Duke of NEWCASTLE wisely determined, at the risk of local dissatisfaction, to render all misrepresentation or misunderstanding impossible. Of the Orange organization itself, as it is in Canada not forbidden by law, the COLONIAL SECRETARY expressed no opinion whatever. It was only when the zealots of the party attempted to identify the PRINCE with their own faction that the Duke of NEWCASTLE defeated their presumption, and sternly rebuked the indirect attempts which were made for the accomplishment of the Orange design. It appears that resistance to mob-dictation, the rarest virtue of the Western World, was, after all, popular both in Canada and in the United States. Large bodies of people like to have their own way, especially when they happen to be angry; but the individual members of the multitude have no particular desire for the triumph of mobs in general. The soberer Orange Lodges have probably by this time arrived at the conclusion that nothing would have been gained if the PRINCE and the MINISTER had submissively driven under the transparencies of King WILLIAM crossing the Boyne. In future quarrels, the grievance would have done more for the Roman Catholics than the foolish victory for their eager opponents. Deeper thinkers might remark that Royalty proved itself in one respect unmistakably superior to the rival system of a Republican Executive. A President of Canada, appointed according to the American fashion, must have ranked himself either among the Roman Catholic party at Montreal or with the Orangemen at Kingston. The heir of the English Crown, acting on the constitutional advice of his appointed counsellor, preserved an absolute impartiality between the contending factions. In calmer moments both political sections may appreciate the advantage of a superior and wholly dispassionate arbitration.

As long as the progress lay within the frontiers of Canada, the Duke of NEWCASTLE displayed much skill and good sense in the composition of the Royal answers to loyal addresses. The language which was put into the mouth of the PRINCE was never abrupt, undignified, or presumptuous. Disclaiming an independent political position which would have been ill-suited to his years, he always accepted with graceful cordiality the homage which was paid to his person. In the United States, where the practice of presenting addresses was discontinued, the general regulation of public intercourse with local bodies still devolved on the responsible

Minister. The perfect success of the tour is the best proof of the practical ability which has been employed in the social diplomacy of every day. In guiding the conduct of the young PRINCE during his lengthened journey, the Duke of NEWCASTLE has done genuine service to the Crown and to the country.

PRUSSIA AND THE TIMES.

IT is often asked why the managers of a commercial speculation may not do exactly as they please with their own. MR. MUDIE's friends, for example, urge that if he likes to have a library in which High Church novels are snubbed, and if the public is displeased, the public has its remedy in its own hand, and can go to a library conducted more impartially. The *Times* treats Prussia as MR. MUDIE treats High Church fiction. It chooses to run Prussia down in every conceivable way. It concludes as absolutely that everything done by Prussia is wrong as MR. MUDIE, perhaps, concludes that every Evangelical bishoprick is properly obtained. It never condescends to inquire into the history or policy of the unfortunate Power which it has selected as its *bête noire*, and studiously keeps the public ignorant of everything connected with Berlin. Its columns contain long letters from every other capital, but never a word from the capital of liberal Germany. The only reason it ever gives for its dislike of Prussia is that the Prussian and English Courts are connected by personal ties, and that British independence demands that everything proceeding from the Court should be watched with the most jealous suspicion. Commercially, perhaps, the *Times* has a right to pander to the vulgar distrust and dislike of Royalty; but it is not exactly true that a commercial undertaking has no other office except to succeed commercially. The *Times* speaks with a weight and addresses a number of influential readers which no other daily paper can rival, and it is rather hard on England that because the *Times* chooses to make a *Miriam May* of Prussia, the English nation should be held indifferent to the honour and success of a Protestant, liberal, and kindred nation, which within the last six months has rendered Europe the two signal services of showing that the intrigues of the Emperor NAPOLEON could be baffled by courageous honesty, and of keeping Austria from an insane war. Prussia is making great progress, and there is plenty of room for her to go further. She has a vast mass of antiquated political machinery to sweep away before she does herself justice. But it can be said of very few States that they have not large alterations for the better to undergo, and Prussia has lately moved on faster than any nation except Italy. Her great game is in the future, but she has already played her part firmly and well. All the charges against her may really be arranged under two heads, each of which rests on an assumption which is a great source of error in English judgments on Continental nations. One of these assumptions is, that the standard of judgment ought to be sought in the position of England at the particular moment when the opinion is pronounced; and the other is, that whatever is true of one Continental nation is true of another that is in a rather similar position.

Prussia has been bitterly accused of vacillating recently, and of not taking part heartily either against or for Italy. The old Conservative party leans to Russia, Austria, and absolutism; and the new Liberal party leans to Italy and freedom. Neither party wholly and permanently prevails in the Councils of the REGENT. What a weak, shilly-shally, contemptible country it must be in which two parties, nearly balanced, entertain different views of foreign policy! But people who live in glass houses should not throw stones. About a year and a quarter ago it was supposed that we, too, in England, had an Austrian Government in. LORD MALMESBURY was said to be far too favourable to the enemies of France and Piedmont to be really neutral. So, when the elections were over, and a chance came for the hungry Liberals to regain office, one of their chief rallying cries was the necessity of being better friends with France; and LORD PALMERSTON came in expressly to inaugurate a change of policy. What is now said of Prussia was then strictly true of England. Two nicely-balanced parties alternately determined the varying attitudes of England to Italy. It is true that the English policy was substantially the same throughout, and so has the Prussian policy been; but at Berlin, sometimes the German MALMESBURYS, and sometimes the German PALMERSTONS, have had their turn. The impression we produced, however wrongly, by our conduct during the war of

last year was that we could never be depended on. We would talk, but not fight. We gave or denied our "moral support," and those to whom we gave or denied it came at last to the conclusion that they were exactly as well off whether they had it or not. Even at a much later period, English opinion, as far as Ministers and the *Times* represent it, has wavered about Italy. LORD JOHN RUSSELL has, within a month, written two despatches—one to tell Count CAVOUR that he is all wrong, and the other to tell him that he is all right; and this is a height of vacillation to which Prussia has made no approach. At one time the fortunes of GARI-BALDI were overclouded. He had landed in Calabria, but Naples had not fallen. Suddenly the *Times* began to freeze about him. He had been a hero—he was beginning to be rather like a brigand. He had been a great political calculator—he began to be uncommonly like a hot-brained adventurer, and was fast sinking beneath the dignity of Italy and history. However, he obtained some rapid successes, and the thermometer of journalism rose. He was reinstated in favour, and was finally and decisively pronounced a liberator. It happens that at this particular moment the views of Englishmen about Italy are singularly unanimous and singularly clear. The Conservatives do not want to take office, and we are all agreed that a strong Italian Kingdom will be a blessing to the Italians and a nuisance to the POPE, and perhaps to the French, and no possible annoyance to us. If Prussia does not put herself exactly in our position, settle the balance of her political parties at the time we settle ours, and own that a war that brings France to the borders of Germany is as remote from her as from England, it only shows what a pigheaded, weak, and vacillating Power she is, and how thankful we ought to be that the vigilance of journalism has succeeded in frustrating the pertinacious efforts of our Court to make us follow in her footsteps.

Then, again, it is said Prussia is like Piedmont. It is the business of Prussia to absorb the little States of Germany as it has been the business of Piedmont to absorb the little States of Italy. If the Prussian Sovereign of to-day had one spark of the spirit that burnt in the breast of FREDERICK the GREAT, he would swallow up thirty little Princes in as many days. VICTOR EMMANUEL, however, and FREDERICK went about their business in rather a different way, and it is too hard that Prussia should be expected at the same time to be welcomed to new provinces by popular acclamation and to seize on them at the hazard of a civil war. That the PRINCE REGENT should pounce on Hanover as MR. CARLYLE's hero pounced on Silesia can scarcely be seriously maintained. Certainly there is a considerable superficial resemblance between the position of Piedmont and that of Prussia. There is, however, this great difference. The Italians wished to get rid of their Princes summarily and for ever, but the Germans do not wish to get rid of their Princes in the same way. They feel that the time must come, and that it may come soon, when Prussia and Germany will be wholly, or almost wholly, one. But they do not like to hasten the time by trampling on old traditions and hastily snapping old ties. They have a spirit of loyalty and a love of law, and they would like the process of removing their little Princes to be made soft and easy. A great national crisis might compel them to accelerate the change from the present to the new order of things, and a French war or the disruption of the Austrian Empire are among the probable events that may force Germany to throw itself at once and for ever into the hands of Prussia. But in a time of quiet men linger over the traditions that are familiar to them, and feel keenly the scruples that attend removing Royal persons who have committed no other crime than that of being in the way. Very wisely, the Prussian Cabinet not only respects but countenances this feeling, and asks for nothing more now than the guidance of foreign policy and a leadership in war. It asks, in fact, exactly what Piedmont asked of the Italian Sovereigns before the war broke out. When the Kings of HANOVER and SAXONY have run away into France, it will be time enough for the PRINCE REGENT to act as VICTOR EMMANUEL acted when the Thrones of Modena and Parma were left vacant.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL'S ITALIAN DESPATCH.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL'S despatch to Sir JAMES HUDSON might have been comparatively unobjectionable if it had been published by an irresponsible author, as an essay on the Italian Revolution. When a fair allowance is made for official weakness of style and laxity of reason-

ing, the FOREIGN MINISTER's manifesto coincides in substance with many creditable articles which have been written on the same interesting subject. Lord JOHN RUSSELL is favourably distinguished from his predecessor, and perhaps from some of his colleagues, by a genuine sympathy, which he shares with his countrymen, for the cause of Italian unity and independence. His ill-judged protest against an attack on the Austrian possessions probably admits of an intelligible apology, and his present recognition of accomplished facts is undoubtedly cordial and sincere. The ambition which leads him to compete with more accomplished writers would readily be excused if he had remembered that he had no right to pledge his country to any political theory, however popular. It is the business of Governments to state their intentions and to record their acts in the simplest language; and if, on rare occasions, it becomes necessary to justify their conduct, the argument ought to be drawn from facts and from acknowledged rules, with the severe accuracy of a legal deduction. In publishing an official treatise on current events, a Minister exposes the Crown which he represents to unseemly criticism, and perhaps to confutation. The substantial soundness of Lord JOHN RUSSELL's conclusions can scarcely be regarded as curing the obvious defects of some of his reasons. The creation of an Italian Kingdom is a fortunate enterprise, and it is sufficiently justified by success; but it has been found impossible to accomplish it without infringing rules of international law which an English Minister might, in the absence of any countervailing necessity, as well treat with tacit respect.

VATTEL and WILLIAM of ORANGE correspond, in the region of diplomacy, to the Bill of Rights and the Lord SOMERS of Lord JOHN RUSSELL's domestic harangues. With his customary confusion between ethics and jurisprudence, the standard publicist asserts that the United Provinces had a right to assist the standard hero, because JAMES II. was an unconstitutional and tyrannical king. It follows generally that any foreign Power may aid the insurrection of any malcontent party, and especially it may be shown that GARIBALDI was justified in invading Sicily and Naples, and the Sardinian Government in conniving at his enterprise. It would be more to the purpose to admit that VATTEL and his science cease to be applicable in a supreme political crisis. The sound maxim that the good of the people is the highest law is the negation of positive jurisprudence. The unity of Italy must hereafter be assumed as an ultimate principle independent of all legal argument. Lord JOHN RUSSELL, in his anxiety to prove that it rests on something besides itself, provides but a lame elephant and a rickety tortoise as a foundation for the new fabric. He defends the dethronement of the King of NAPLES by referring to the disaffection of his subjects, and he proves their hostility to their Government by referring to the unopposed march of GARIBALDI from the Southern promontory to the capital. It is imprudent to rely on an argument which would have been entirely overthrown if Capua and Gaeta had happened to lie between Reggio and Naples. The accidental reasons which recommended military resistance on the Northern rather than on the Southern frontier can scarcely affect the title of VICTOR EMMANUEL or the deliberate policy of England. The apology for Piedmontese interference in aid of the insurgents against the POPE would have been more applicable if any insurrection had taken place in the Roman States. Count CAVOUR entered the Marches because his Government had to choose between immediate action and the abandonment of its leadership in Italy. Lord JOHN RUSSELL could not well explain and adopt in a State paper the real motives which influenced the Piedmontese Government. On the other hand, it was absurd to rely on a revolt which had never happened as an excuse for a measure which no rebellion could have supplied with a legal justification. No embarrassment could have arisen from a simple recognition of the change which has taken place in Italy; and it is easy to foresee innumerable arguments against English rights which may be hereafter deduced from Lord JOHN RUSSELL's despatch. Any Emperor or President of a Republic who entertains an inconvenient sympathy for Canada, for Ireland, for India, or for the Channel Islands, will remember that VATTEL and Lord JOHN RUSSELL approve of foreign intervention against oppressive and unpopular Governments. It is true that the English understanding sturdily rejects inconvenient logical inferences, and that an invasion of Ireland would not be less vigorously repelled because it was undertaken on Lord JOHN RUSSELL's authority. Nevertheless, it is annoying to be taunted with inconsistencies and with ruinous admissions,

when the exposition of the objectionable doctrines has itself been altogether unnecessary and gratuitous.

The only excuse for writing and publishing the despatch would be furnished by the possible anxiety of Count CAVOUR to secure for his recent policy the express sanction of England. A direct application, or even an intelligible hint, from the Piedmontese Minister might account for the appearance of a certificate of approval and good-will. For the form of the document Lord JOHN RUSSELL is exclusively responsible. Count CAVOUR assuredly never would have dictated the string of disagreeable reminiscences which it has been thought proper to prefix to the operative part of the despatch. It seems quite superfluous to remind the Piedmontese Government that the Russian Legation has been withdrawn, that the French Ambassador has only left his Secretary at Turin, and that Prussia, without taking any diplomatic step, has yet lodged a verbal protest. A private testimonial might with equal propriety commence with a similar recital. "I am aware that Mr. A. has dropped your acquaintance, that Mr. B. intentionally declined your last invitation to dinner, and that Mr. C., though he still remains on visiting terms with your family, has expressed himself in strong terms on your conduct. It is, however, my pleasing duty to state that, differing from these respectable gentlemen, I believe your recent transactions to be consistent with your character as a man of honour." The accumulation of hostile authorities is, in the case of Piedmont, more absurd, because there are strong doubts as to the sincerity of all the ostensible remonstrants. Mr. A. of Russia has refused to interfere; Mr. B. of France is generally supposed to have recommended the invasion of the Roman States; and Prussia, by leaving her Minister at the Court of Turin, has virtually accepted the whole series of territorial annexations. On the whole, the English Government would have done well to wait for an occasion which must soon require an official answer to a formal overture. Either on his own authority or by the desire of a national Parliament, VICTOR EMMANUEL will shortly assume the title of King of Italy, and he must necessarily communicate his new style to all friendly Courts. The recognition of his legitimate pretensions might be accompanied by a temperate exposition of the grounds on which the English Government and nation founded the expression of their friendly feeling. The established rule by which existing States are invariably acknowledged would supersede all irrelevant references to good and bad kings and to the Revolution of 1688.

There was no occasion to answer arguments which France and Russia had not addressed to England; but if Lord JOHN RUSSELL was bent upon a discussion, he might with advantage have followed up a remark which incidentally occurs in the course of his despatch. The two EMPERORS protested, with varying demonstrations of energy, against two separate acts. NAPOLEON III., who calls himself the Eldest Son of the Roman Church, was, notwithstanding his recent interview with CIALDINI, professedly surprised and scandalized when that General, in obedience to the orders of his Government, crossed the Roman frontier. Piety and loyalty equally dictated the concession of leave of absence to the French Minister at Turin, while the Duke of GRAMMONT involuntarily led the Papal Government to believe that France would offer an active resistance to the Piedmontese enterprise. As matters have turned out, Count CAVOUR might perhaps, but for Lord JOHN RUSSELL's unkind candour, have recovered by this time from the shock of French disapprobation. With the more important conquest of Naples NAPOLEON III. has not interfered, so that it is comparatively easy to endure the reproof which the Southern enterprise has called forth from a remoter potentate. The Emperor ALEXANDER, instead of claiming affiliation to Rome, is himself the guardian or foster-father of a Church of his own. Accordingly, leaving to the Catholic Powers the protectorate of the Western schism, the Emperor of RUSSIA undertakes, if not the defence, at least the posthumous vindication, of fallen Royalty. Prince GORTSCHAKOFF, more provident than Lord JOHN RUSSELL, may perhaps remember that general principles sometimes lead to unforeseen consequences, while accomplished revolutions will take care of themselves. Disapproval of the theory, combined with acquiescence in the fact, leaves the Russian Government at liberty to take any possible course on any imaginable occasion without the risk of inconsistency or of argumentative exposure.

It would be unjust to blame Lord JOHN RUSSELL too severely for an indiscretion which is compatible with a correct practical judgment and with an honest purpose.

Official personages of literary aspirations naturally envy the freedom of journalists, and fancy that their own arguments might be urged with equal force if they were relieved from the obligation of reserve and reticence. Lord JOHN RUSSELL's despatch might have passed without censure as a second-rate leading article; but the reasoning which is addressed by public writers to their own countrymen differs from the proper style of a national manifesto as common conversation from special pleading. The object of a diplomatic despatch is not to convince, but to confute an opponent; and, above all, it is essential that the argument should itself be unassailable. Lord JOHN RUSSELL's mistake consists in the unseasonable employment of the talent for popular controversy which he erroneously supposes himself to possess.

THE IRON-SHIP PROBLEM.

NOW that the Board of Admiralty has resolved to lay down without delay several iron-cased ships in addition to those which are already in course of construction, it is a matter of vital importance that every possible means should be taken to avoid the errors which may so easily be committed in an experiment of this novel character. The cost of these vessels is so serious, and the interests which are staked on success are so vast, that it would be unpardonable to neglect the precautions which are necessary to secure the best model that science can suggest. So much valuable time has already been lost that it is no longer possible to wait for elaborate experiments, even if any trial short of the launching of a finished ship could be of much service. But it is always practicable to be prompt without precipitation, and a very short time would suffice to enable a Commission of scientific and practical shipbuilders to form some sort of judgment as to the design which promises to produce the most serviceable ship. Is it true that the present intentions of the Admiralty are to adopt for their new vessels the lines upon which the *Warrior* and *Black Prince* are now being built, in accordance with the advice of Sir BALDWIN WALKER? If this be so, there is serious ground for alarm lest the new fleet should prove far less efficient than it might be made. The difficulties of the problem are so great that it would be the height of rashness to trust to the unassisted judgment of any one man; and whatever the Comptroller of the Navy may have learned during his term of office, it is impossible to hear without dismay that the efficiency of the future fleet of Great Britain is to depend on the success with which a distinguished sailor may solve a problem which may well task all the skill of the most scientific naval engineers.

The partial success of the *Gloire* ought at least to teach us where the real pinch is. It is now pretty well ascertained that, in her speed and in the power of floating her enormous burden, the *Gloire* has pretty fairly answered the expectations of the French engineers, but it is no less certain that she has defects which would render her a comparatively useless vessel for the duties which our ships are required to perform. One of these defects is of the utmost importance. When the sea is as calm as a mill-pond, the *Gloire* can probably do everything that a man-of-war ought to do. She can, it is said, steam fast, and not only carry her offensive and defensive armament, but work her guns with deadly effect. But even a moderately heavy sea is enough to put her almost *hors de combat*. As had been very generally anticipated, she rolls so violently that her ports can only be kept open in the finest weather; and although, on a picked summer day, she might prove a mischievous assailant, the ships on which we are to rely for the defence of our shores must have sea-going qualities of a much higher order. Some of the best authorities upon the subject have declared themselves more than doubtful whether the *Warrior* will be free from the most serious of the defects which detract so much from the value and efficiency of the French ship; and yet, without the slightest effort to probe the question as deeply as the present state of science allows, the Admiralty have, we are informed, determined to build a number of new ships on (we presume) the model of the untried and unfinished *Warrior*. Probably the most important difference between the English and French plans is that the *Warrior* and *Black Prince* are of larger dimensions, and are intended to carry their ports considerably higher out of the water. Whether they will do so remains to be proved; and it would need more confidence than any one out of the Board of Admiralty is likely to feel, to predict, in the teeth of the warnings of scientific men,

that the ships which are soon to be launched will not fail, like their French prototypes, in the capacity of working their guns in a heavy sea. It is a scarcely less serious fault that the stowage for coal will not admit of more than a few days' supply being placed on board; and, without affecting to give a scientific opinion on the details of such vessels, one may reasonably anticipate that ships which were designed before a single vessel of the class had been launched, either in France or England, must be capable of considerable improvement if the judgment of the most competent authorities were obtained, with the additional data which the result of the French experiment has placed within our reach.

The attempt to build ships which shall, under ordinary circumstances, be invulnerable, and at the same time capable of offensive operations in any weather, involves two perfectly distinct questions—the one, what sort of target will resist ordinary shot; the other, what sort of ship will carry the necessary plating without sacrificing her sea-going qualities. The Admiralty, after its characteristic fashion, has devoted years to the investigation of the comparatively easy target question, while the incomparably more difficult ship-building problem has been left to chance and Sir BALDWIN WALKER. We should be falling into the very error which we are most anxious to deprecate if we were to express an opinion on any of the various suggestions that have been offered as improvements on the *Warrior* model. It is enough to note the fact that few scientific critics would be disposed to commence another batch of ships on the precise lines adopted for the *Warrior*. Hitherto, the mere power of resisting shot has been the point almost exclusively considered by the Admiralty; but it seems at least worthy of deliberate inquiry whether this advantage may not be combined with stability at sea, which is even more essential to a man-of-war than the most impenetrable armour. So, again, the ingenious design of Captain COLES deserves to be fairly examined, if it were only because it proceeds from an officer whose inventive skill was displayed to good purpose in the naval campaign in the Sea of Azov. Even if these large deviations from the French type should be condemned, there are abundant suggestions for important alterations, though on a less sweeping scale, in the design which the Admiralty seems to have pronounced perfect without the trouble of investigation.

Unfortunately, so much precious time has already been lost, and so much more must elapse before we shall have an iron-sheathed frigate afloat, that it is scarcely possible to wait for the launching of any of the ships now in course of construction before commencing additional vessels. Admitting, as we feel bound to do, that the Admiralty are right in hastening on their work with the utmost despatch, we must protest against the precipitancy which refuses to seek the scientific advice which might be obtained within a few weeks by the appointment of a competent committee of investigation. There never was a time more critical for the navy than the present. Millions of money will be wasted, and years of labour irrecoverably lost, if the large enterprise on which the Admiralty is entering should fail for want of the counsel which, in the plenitude of its wisdom, the Board thinks it prudent to despise. Some risk, perhaps, there must be in the commencement of an experiment so novel and so arduous as that which France and England are struggling to be the first to bring to a prosperous issue. If experience and science avail anything, England can surely obtain guidance as trustworthy as any that is within the reach of the EMPEROR; and it would be throwing away our national advantages to narrow the contest to a personal trial of skill between a British admiral and the first engineer of France. It is no disparagement to the Comptroller of the Navy to say that he may very possibly fail in an undertaking which has hitherto baffled the most skilful engineers; and the only thing which in any event could bring serious discredit either upon the executive officers or the governing body of the Admiralty would be a failure occasioned by an obstinate neglect of the scientific aid which in this country may be so readily obtained. Those who take no counsel must be content to bear all responsibility; but the consequences of any blunders committed now may fall upon the country at a time when it will be too late to repair them with effect. It is scarcely credible that, in a matter so momentous as that on which it is now engaged, the Admiralty will persist in carrying out the much-questioned plans which have been prepared, without first submitting them to a careful investigation by the most competent Committee whose services can

be secured. Common sense—to say nothing of common modesty—suggests a course which will, we trust, be adopted at once, before any fresh contract for iron-plated ships had been entered into.

GOVERNMENT AND OPPOSITION.

IT is a favourite theory of Frenchmen, that the game of politics as played between the great English parties is only a conspiracy between sharpers to swindle the other European nations. What else, they ask, can be the meaning of this pretence of hostility, coupled with the most cordial agreement in promoting the best interests of England? They take it to be self-evident that the profound and perfidious statesmen of England have an understanding with each other as to the convenience of having two systems of foreign policy on foot at the same moment, with a complete machinery for working out either one or the other of them whenever occasion may offer. Lord DERBY and Lord MALMESBURY were, to all appearance, moving heaven and earth to thwart the Italian policy of the EMPEROR. Thanks to French gallantry and self-sacrifice, that policy was triumphing in spite of open or concealed resistance, when hey! presto! the English Government changes, and all the diplomacy of Downing-street is employed in stimulating the ungrateful Italians in the pursuit of a nationality which, if fully developed, must be extremely troublesome, and even dangerous, to France. The same treacherous concert is to be detected, they assert, in the professions of cordiality which, as their Government wishes them to understand, still characterize all the communications which pass between the two countries. Lord PALMERSTON's part is to maintain the semblance of that friendliness to which, when the Conspiracy Bill was on the carpet, he ostensibly fell a martyr. He will always be the cordial ally of France, so long as the Anglo-French alliance stands in the way of all other combinations. Some day or other, France will be completely isolated. Lord PALMERSTON will then have played out his hand, and Lord DERBY will come in on some insignificant question of domestic affairs. A coalition between England and some of the Continental Powers will immediately be formed, and France will have to win another Austerlitz, or to submit to a second Capitulation of Paris.

This is the view of the English system of Government and Opposition which is espoused by a considerable number of educated politicians in Paris and by nine-tenths of the quidnuncs in the provinces. It is curious to compare it with the explanation of the same familiar mechanism which was published by the *Times* at the beginning of the week, apparently by way of commentary on the recent successes of Conservatives at the polls. According to the *Times*, the function of an Opposition is not to hoodwink foreigners, but to organize criticism. A Government requires to be criticised, because man is imperfect. In its natural state, criticism would be occasional and desultory, but by the artificial expedient of an Opposition it is rendered constant and systematic. There are always two ways in which a phenomenon of the moral or political kind can be accounted for, but it is difficult to say in which of them this essay of the *Times* proceeds. Is it a rationale or a complete explanation? Is it intended merely to give us a view of one of our most remarkable institutions which will commend itself to our sense of symmetry and harmony? or is it meant to tell us how the English antagonism between Government and Opposition arose? On neither one supposition nor on the other is it very valuable. If, without pretending to be true, it only aims at being plausible, it has the inconvenience of taxing the English people with systematic dishonesty. Desultory criticism may possibly be honest, but organized criticism must necessarily be unjust and unfair, inasmuch as, until errors are committed systematically, they cannot be systematically exposed. On the other hand, if the *Times* desires to tell us that Opposition either came into existence originally, or that it is still maintained, for the express purpose of maintaining a regular check on Government, it tells us that which is false in fact. Strangely as the two great parties are composed, and oddly as they are led, they are still the two confederacies whose history for two hundred years has been the history of England, and they are as much the fruit of historical causes as any other part of our institutions. The Liberals, though their chief is an old Tory and their most eloquent spokesman a nursling of Toryism, are still the same party which followed WALPOLE and FOX,

WHITBREAD and GREY. The Conservatives, though led by an ex-Whig in the Lords, and by a gentleman without nationality and without prejudices in the Commons, are the same body of politicians which was formed by GEORGE III. out of placemen and converted Jacobites, which was drilled into order by PITT, and which was consolidated by the adhesion of the best part of the nation during the successive struggles with French anarchy and French despotism. Neither Liberals nor Conservatives would be what they are without their history, and the last thing which influenced their formation was the intention to take their turn in regular government and systematic criticism.

Both at home and abroad there is an increasing tendency to look for theories of the English party system more novel and more striking than the accustomed explanations from English history. The reason of this, no doubt, is, that the debateable ground between them has been of late years considerably narrowed, so far at least as it is occupied with domestic questions. The wholesale desertions of public men from one camp to the other, and the frequent assertions of politicians that there is no substantial difference between the two sides, set men inquiring why the formal separation of Whig and Tory continues to exist, and here and there to agitate the country. We think that the proper quarter in which to look for an answer is to be found, not in the parties themselves, their professions or their motives, but in the questions which they discuss. The truth is, the parties are what they always were, but the points for their deliberation have seriously altered. The new ingredient in political discussion is that introduced by scientific thought. Of old, each side had a monopoly of particular lines of policy, which had fallen under its protection almost by accident; but ever since certain principles affecting political practice have been elevated by science to the rank of absolute truths, it has been absurd for Whig or Tory to affect to engross the exclusive privilege of acting upon them. PEEL became a Free-trader, not because he had any idea of innovating on the established relation of parties, but because increased knowledge of political economy had made it impossible for a man with his calibre of intellect to resist the demonstration of Free-trade. Nor are the only questions which have altered their character those which have assumed a scientific aspect. A very high degree of certainty, though one somewhat short of absolute demonstration, has been attained on other points which were once fiercely and honestly debated. It is, for example, no longer a Whig, but an English doctrine, that all forms of religious belief must be tolerated; and similarly it is held, not by Tories only, but by all Englishmen, that the safety of English freedom is intimately bound up with the maintenance of England's place of honour in the circle of European States. It may easily be seen that, wherever nothing like scientific or semi-scientific certainty is attained or attainable, the English parties are as widely divided as they always were, and are as unreasonably positive as heretofore in the affirmation and vindication of their opinions.

Every theory which supposes that men take their seat on the Government or Opposition benches from deliberate intention either to defend or to attack the acts of a particular set of Ministers, lends colour to the French hypothesis of English perfidy, absurd as it looks at first sight. The true reason why the French notion is incorrect is, not that there is a want of circumstances apparently favouring it, but that English politicians are really more under historical, and less under scientific, influences when they look at foreign politics than when they address themselves to domestic questions. The Whigs have really a leaning to France, and to France *quand même*. The Tories are really, to a great extent, governed by traditions of the Revolutionary war. What Frenchmen have to learn is, that Lord PALMERSTON may change Lord DERBY's foreign policy, and Lord DERBY Lord PALMERSTON's, in the most perfect good faith. All that is true in the French accusation is, that English statesmen really do prefer the interests of their country to the principles of their faction, when the two are openly at conflict—a preference which, if Frenchmen are to be believed, no French statesman ever yet showed.

THE SHIPOWNERS' CONVERSION.

THE last lingering dream of Protection seems at length to be on the point of vanishing, and even shipowners are beginning to accept Free-trade as the inevitable condition of British industry. It is rather singular that the old heresy, even under the guise of demands for reciprocity and retalia-

tion, should have survived so long. The landowners, or at least a large section of them, fought a sturdy fight against the great Manchester innovation, but within a very few years they one and all acquiesced in the accomplished fact, and for the most part acknowledged the wisdom of the policy against which they had struggled so hard. The first move of the Conservative party, after the establishment of Free-trade, was to shake off the perpetual disqualification for office which their Protectionist theories, if persisted in, would have created. Mr. DISRAELI and Lord DERBY recanted almost before the new system had been tried, and, the famous Cannon Balls excepted, the whole rank and file were ready enough to be converted in the train of their leaders.

The shipowners took exactly the opposite course. When the repeal of the Navigation Laws was proposed, scarcely an effort was made at resistance. Any such attempt would, it is true, have been hopeless, for Free-trade in shipping was the inevitable corollary of Free-trade in everything else. A single monopoly was not to be endured when open competition was the almost universal rule. Yet, if the contest was to be attempted, it was clearly less desperate to fight for the maintenance of an ancient privilege than to urge the restoration of an already exploded system. This never seems to have occurred to the discontented shipowners, and after standing by in moody silence while their old protection was being destroyed, they no sooner found the deed done than they tried to kindle an agitation, which has been smouldering on ever since, for a return to a system which never could be restored. Perhaps some explanation of the different demeanour of the two great protected interests under what they at first considered as a common misfortune, is afforded by the fact that the land formed the basis of a great political party which had no desire to shut itself out, by impracticable doctrines, from the influence which it had a right to exercise, and the occasional enjoyment of office to which it naturally looked forward. The shipowners were a limited, though an important, element in the party, and it was possible for them to retain their old prejudices without affecting the prospects of the political organization to which most of them belonged.

Either for these or some other reasons, it is an undoubted fact, that enterprising commercial men who happened to have their wealth invested in ships were long proof against all the arguments which sufficed for the speedy conversion of squires and farmers. It is not a good thing for society to have within it a compact body of influential men who persist in regarding themselves as martyrs unjustly sacrificed to the selfishness of their countrymen; and though the murmurs and aspirations of the shipping interest, so long as they breathed retaliation and aimed at protection, were too absurd to do any positive mischief, it is very satisfactory to see at last an indication that it is possible to own ships without being blind to the value of Free-trade, and to find some justification for the hope that the great commercial doctrines of the country will soon be without a single opponent to gainsay them. Sunderland has for some time shown itself more liberal than most of the leading ports of the country. For a time there was much vigorous opposition to the principles which its members advocated in the House of Commons, but the Report of the recent meeting of the Shipowners' Society seems to show that common sense has conclusively triumphed. There is always something of compromise in public recantations. It is too much to expect men to eat their leek, and loudly to proclaim that it is veritable leek, and nothing else, which they are enjoying. Many of the Sunderland shipowners, in common with their brethren throughout the country, had been protesting for some ten years that the repeal of the Navigation Laws was a great political and commercial blunder; and the Committee who prepared the Report judiciously avoided any provoking declaration to the contrary. But they said, in effect, the same thing when they reminded the shipowners that, whether it was a blunder or not, the deed was done, and that the shipowners had been very foolish in wasting their strength in the idle effort to prove that the nation had gone wrong. To this profession of faith the Sunderland Society has given in its unanimous adhesion; and when London and a few other ports have become imbued with the same measure of sound doctrine, it is not unlikely that the many petty impediments which really do hamper the carrying trade will be very speedily removed.

While shipowners insisted upon what we all knew to be impracticable and ruinous, and professed themselves indifferent to the smaller concessions which they had a right to ask, it was impossible that any substantial impression should

be made on Parliament or the country. Sunderland at any rate has opened its eyes to the fact that, by striving after the shadow of protection and retaliation, the shipping interest has lost the influence which, if properly directed, might have made a clean sweep of passing tolls and municipal exactions, of the extortions levied under the name of pilotage, and of a number of vexatious and oppressive enactments which have found their way into our shipping code. The painstaking inquiry of the late Committee has made the real grievances of shipping more intelligible than they were to the general public; and though the Sunderland Report declares truly enough that a retrogressive policy has tended to excite indignant resistance, the shipowners will not wait for support as soon as they shall generally have accepted the rational views which have suddenly opened to the Sunderland Society.

In spite of the natural tendency of a conservative spirit to regard everything as a right of property—from the privilege of thrashing one's own nigger to the custom of levying a tax on one's neighbour—it is quite incredible that heavy exactions upon shipping for the benefit of corporations which give no proportionate advantage, and often no advantage at all, in return, should be allowed to continue if once the shipowners were united in claiming emancipation for themselves, instead of asking for ineffectual measures of retaliation upon foreign countries. Other grievances would be vanquished even more readily, and the liberal public opinion which has been forced into opposing the extravagances of the shipowners would give a cordial support to the more sensible line of action which has been sketched by the men of Sunderland.

It may take some little time before this good example will lead to a general conversion; but it is a hopeful sign that the depression of the last few years is admitted to have been followed by better prospects. It seems always to be a very painful thing to acknowledge anything like prosperity. Farmers never could be brought to do so until after the Free-trade era; and when we find that a roomful of shipowners listened with applause to the assertions that the state of affairs was mending, and that America had suffered as much as England, and could not build or sail ships cheaper than ourselves, we seem to see the first dawn of a general conversion. London, as the capital stronghold of the reactionary party, may hold out for a time, and succeed in paralysing the efforts of shipowners elsewhere to effect possible reforms; but all the protests of the shipping interest have sprung so much more from natural irritation than from any deliberate policy, that we need not despair of witnessing a tolerably rapid return to a sounder state of mind. It must undoubtedly be provoking enough to see the kind of reciprocity with which our liberal legislation has been met abroad. Still, if foreign Governments will tax their subjects for the sake of keeping up a special monopoly and damaging the interests of British shipowners, we have no choice but to wait till they can be persuaded to see the folly of such a policy, and in the meantime to get rid of every removable obstacle which impedes the progress of our own mercantile marine. This is the reasonable advice of Mr. LINDSAY'S Committee, and it only needs the general adhesion of the shipping interest to make it prevail.

MAKING THINGS PLEASANT ON SUNDAY.

A CERTAIN Mr. Francis Thorne Cole announces himself as representing or embodying a society for the dissemination of Evangelical principles in a popular form. Large placards inform the public that the machinery for attaining this end is to consist in Mr. Cole delivering lectures on Sunday evenings in a music hall, and the special characteristic of these lectures is, that they are to travel over subjects of popular and weekday interest, but to be tinged with a new and Sunday application. One of these lectures is to be on Garibaldi; another on Little Paul Dombey and Eva; and a third on *Vanity Fair*. The lecturer, in fact, offers gratis to "improve" Becky Sharp for the benefit of any one who will devote a Sunday evening to hear him. The notion seems to be that those who go to scoff will remain to pray, and that amusement will pave the way for the reception of the Gospel. In fact, Mr. Cole hopes to take in his hearers as the itinerant vendors of improper publications are said to take in their purchasers by wrapping up tracts in alluring covers. Becky Sharp and Rawdon Crawley are to be outside, and inside is to be the best sermon that Mr. Cole and his society can devise. The plan seems to us worthy of some degree of notice. In itself, it is not probably of the slightest importance to any one whether Mr. Cole does or does not lecture. No one need go who does not like, and those who do go are pretty sure to be people who can stand a thing of the sort. But Mr. Cole only

puts in a conspicuous form thoughts that are passing through many minds, and illustrates a mode of attempting to do good which never dies out of society, although it continually assumes new shapes. There will always be weak-minded persons who caricature the newest fashion in religion, and who like the importance of going a little further than their neighbours and of standing on their own ground. They have that degree of zeal which seeks to gratify its vanity by the immediate exhibition of public activity. Some years ago, when Methodism was prevalent, Mr. Cole would have preached in his shirt-sleeves, and been regarded as the founder of the Colites. But he has fallen on a time when the Church has taken to preach in theatres, and when popular literature and cheap newspapers rule the general mind. So he bounds one stage beyond his predecessors, and not only preaches in a music-hall, but takes *Vanity Fair* as his text.

It is said that if the people will not come to religion, it must go to them. If the ungodly will not attend service, they must be enticed to a sermon from the stage; and at all hazards, something must be given them that they like. But if they would like an ordinary sermon on Sunday from the footboards of a theatre, much more would they like a sermon which was scarcely a sermon at all, but spoke to them only of favourite generals and favourite heroines. Here and there the skilful preacher will throw in a few good allusions, and humbly hope that his hearers will not skip them as they skip the beginnings of chapters in their novels. We do not see where this is to stop. Why should there not be an evangelical *Bell's Life*? It would be widely read, and evangelical truth would thus be disseminated in quarters where it has never reached before. The "Infant" has just won the championship from Tom Paddock. Surely this is improvable. The Infant might typify a very good boy, and Tom Paddock might once in a way be set up as the image of sin. This is not wider from the original text than a sermon on Becky Sharp must be. The charm of the lectures, if they have any, must consist in the amount of *Vanity Fair* introduced, and one subject can as well have a religious application given to it as another. We do not set clearly before ourselves the amazing license which most preachers take in handling texts and the impossibility of the meanings attributed to them, because, as sermon and text are both within the same recognised limits of familiar teaching, it makes no difference whether they have much to do with each other. But if the same license is used in giving a sacred twist to secular things, there is no one event that has ever happened, or can ever happen, or any subject of knowledge or fancy, which will not do to hang any sermon whatever on. Even mathematics will do. That two and two make four may be interpreted as teaching that we ought to be even in our conduct, and sure that, if we are, the result will be all we could wish. Every subject may have the application Mr. Cole purposes to give the subjects he has chosen, and the more amusing the text is, the better the sermon will answer his purpose. Why then should we not take every subject of human interest, and give it a religious application?

The natural answer would be that we thus degrade sacred things. We make them familiar, but we make them too familiar. We lower the level of the interest attaching to man's hopes of futurity to that of the interest he takes in fiction and political news. This objection goes very far against the whole movement of which Mr. Cole only shows a special and ludicrous side. All this making Sunday pleasant grows out of the same haziness of thought which gives a religious application to the most secular things. As every creature that can read and write is now thought qualified to teach and preach, it is very natural that there should be more impulse and feeling than reflection in dealing with the highest subjects. Persons like Mr. Cole have a dim consciousness that their theory of Sunday is a pure assumption, and breaks down when brought face to face with the wants of a large city population. So, when they start a plan for doing good, they wish to keep Sunday in a more popular way; and yet, as they do not give themselves the trouble to think, they see no way of doing so but by humouring secular fancies, and at the same time pretending to themselves and the world that, if a religious twist is occasionally given to these fancies, all that is secular has been excluded. They do not like to put definitely before them whether *Vanity Fair* is a Sunday subject or not. Were they to reflect, they might be supposed to arrive at the conclusion that this was a matter entirely within the jurisdiction of the conscience of each individual. It would hurt some persons and it would not hurt others to read the chronicles of the Crawleys on Sunday. But they cannot bear anything that does not take the shape of a general rule which they can preach up, and they therefore invent a general rule that books of secular amusement are right on Sunday if a religious application is given them. The consequence must necessarily be that religion is degraded. It must come in at the flag-end of the amusement, or the lectures will not be amusing. The texts and moralizing must be kept in the background, or they will frighten away the audience. This is putting the wrong thing foremost. If religion comes in at all, it must be the first thing wherever it comes, or it sinks into a mere farce. We all know what is meant by soup-conversions. The soup is everything to a hungry wretch, and the change of doctrine is conceded as something wholly unimportant. The gain is not to the converted but to the converter, and the gain to the converter is that of a purely secular triumph. In the same way,

the result of these lectures for the dissemination of popular religion will not be that any one will be made more religious, but that the leaders of the Society will chuckle at having decoyed a certain number of persons to listening to doctrines in which they have no interest.

No real good ever came, or ever will come, of Christianity lowering itself to the world. If people want religious instruction, a day of Christian rest will supply them with an opportunity of getting it; but then let them have what they want. A man with a heart burdened with sin or kindled with gratitude does not want to be bid to grin over the Marquis of Steyne's iniquities, or to snivel over the death of little Dombey. Religion is an unpleasant thing, and would not be worth anything if it were not so. It only becomes pleasant when it has become habitual. There was much more sense in an old Methodist coalheaver going and shouting to his brother pitmen about hell and fire than in a smirk lecturer prattling comfortably about Eva, and asking his hearers to be a little better, and talk a little religious slang. Sunday is a Christian festival, on which the great birth of the Christian religion is celebrated. If Christians speak as Christians on that day to each other, they had better speak of the thoughts which the occasion prompts, and in a manner which the occasion points out as fitting. It is true that it is seldom possible, and still more seldom desirable, to devote all Sunday to religious thoughts or language; and if a person chooses to spend the time not so employed in reading the works of Mr. Thackeray or the campaigns of Garibaldi, he may, for all that any one else can tell, be doing right. It is also true that a large number of persons do not regard the day as a Christian festival, and do not care in the least for the history associated with it. The less pressure put upon them to pretend more than they feel the better, and quite enough is done if, in a Christian country, as few hindrances as possible are thrown in the way of Christians. But if the world chooses to be religious, it will ask for religion and not for Christianity and water. Religion "disseminated in a popular form" ceases to be religion. It no longer guides, elevates, and awes mankind. It is lowered to the level of a second-rate muse, and is only useful to a lecturer to help him fill up his lectures.

There is, too, an objection to Evangelical lectures on *Vanity Fair* which applies to all religious reconstructions of favourite secular things. They are utterly unreal, and instinctively felt to be so. *Vanity Fair* with a religious application is no longer *Vanity Fair*. Whatever its author meant by it, he certainly did not mean to make it the cover for a sermon. The ideas that prevail in it are not those which the Evangelical lecturer pretends to find in it. The real interest and use of any creation of human thought lies entirely in its being what it is. Somebody else's thoughts in somewhat similar language are not at all an equivalent. The attempt has often been made, for example, to christianize the classics. These favourite subjects of youthful study ought, it has been said, to wear a Christian colouring. So the naughty things have been cut out, and the good things have been taken to mean something which was only thought good many generations after the classical authors died. The attempt has not succeeded, for, however instructive they may be, christianized classics are not the classics. We want to know how great men felt and acted to whom Christianity was unknown. So, in reading *Vanity Fair*, we want to study a picture of the world drawn from the point of view which the world recognises as fair to it. There is nothing unchristian in *Cicero*, and there is nothing unchristian in *Vanity Fair*, but there is nothing decidedly Christian in either. Christians capable of reflection might, we will hope, derive great benefit from either. But they could only do so if they took the works of great writers as those writers offered them. The distinction between things secular and things religious is a permanent one, and it is only because the prodigious assumption has been made that things not religious are wrong, that a vain effort to blend the two is being continually made in an endless variety of ways.

M. BERRYER'S LETTER TO THE FRENCH BAR.

AT the time of the accession of Napoleon III., had the members of two great bodies combined to offer an unflinching and uncompromising opposition to the encroachments of despotism, some of the liberties of France might possibly have been preserved. What her noblesse and her clerical order once were to her in her earlier history, the Church and the Bar might have been again under the Second Empire—decentralizing agencies—her privileged Orders—the bulwarks of freedom and individuality. Indeed, French liberties had no other guardians to look to in the world. The Constitutional fiction which entrusted their care to the salaried lacqueys in the Senate was too flimsy not to be transparent. It was plain that the master who paid that august body had only gathered it round his throne in order to enjoy its servility and to expose its insignificance. But the French clergy—an organized and powerful body—if they had not saved France from Napoleonism, might have done much to mitigate and to check its influence. In trailing their sacred vestments in the dust before the feet of an unscrupulous usurper, they did not merely renounce what had once been the highest privilege of the early Christian Church—namely, her mission to protest against materialism and injustice—they degraded religion and insulted morality. By such a course

they alienated the sympathies of a large number of their countrymen. When the foreign policy of the Sovereign whose accomplices they had constituted themselves at last woke their suspicions, and drove them into opposition, they found that their influence had dwindled and that their friends were few. Half of the Liberal party looked on in undisguised satisfaction at the retribution which had come upon them. Some, who were perhaps shrewder politicians, unwilling to see the last great power that could be a counterbalancing influence to despotism disappear, forgave the clergy with all their faults, and made common cause with them. But the cause they espoused in common was a cause few Liberals could approve, and France began to comprehend that the political influence of the French Church for the present was suspended.

The French Bar, next to the French clergy, was the most important institution which remained to France after the establishment of the Second Empire. By a concurrence of circumstances, they became the representatives of whatever intellectual opposition could be brought against the organized anarchy of the new régime. On the one hand, the press, which under Constitutional Governments had played an active part—which had just overturned a throne, and ruined more than once its own cause—soon ceased to represent the intellect of France. Journalism had become, like the rest of the world, obsequious; and as far as its honour was concerned, had better have become silent. On the other hand, the salons of Paris were no longer centres of political life. Those that make and abuse revolutions now-a-days are not people who are at the mercy of *bons mots*. Napoleon III., like his uncle, might be what Suetonius tells us Tiberius was, keenly susceptible to anything like ridicule, but he could hardly be laughed out of Paris; and in these times despotism tempered by epigrams is no longer a likely form of government. The French Bar, however, numbered among its ranks men of brilliancy and reputation, who were accustomed to enjoy keenly the excitement of party contests and public life. Accustomed, under the Orleansist régime, to make the honours of the Bar a stepping-stone to political distinction, they were the natural enemies of a system under which all avenues to political distinction were closed. Trained to be the mouthpieces of France, they were, by education, the foes of a Government that sealed the lips of its subjects. Their talents, their habits, their interests, and the opportunities which they alone of all Frenchmen enjoyed of making themselves occasionally heard, all combined to make it natural and proper that they should be the leaders of a liberal opposition.

The advocates of Rome, under the Republic, were regarded as the natural protectors of the liberties of the humblest citizen. It is one of the traditions of the French order that they inherit this ancient privilege, and that it is their duty to transmit it unimpaired to their successors. The most distinguished barristers of France have hitherto shown themselves true to the cause of free institutions. It is only the less distinguished among them who have become renegades. Eminence, as an advocate, is in France no qualification for a judicial post. The judges are drawn from a separate class altogether; and it is rarely that a great barrister passes from the Bar to the Bench. But there are social and pecuniary advantages connected with the office of judge which render it an object of ambition to inferior men. The judges who owe their posts to the Second Empire, are, as a body, venal, timeserving, and commonplace. As they probably bought their first grade by an act of political recantation, they are continually on the lookout to purchase advancement by competitive servility. They show that they are models of prudence at least, if not of virtue; and are content to be despised, provided that their salaries are regularly paid. Such are the natural consequences of despotism, the fountain of all injustice. On the many occasions when the Government is brought into judicial conflict with its victims, these men seek to buy promotion by stifling the voices of the illustrious advocates who appear to defend the weak. Such was the method upon which, in the trial of M. Vacherot, M. Emile Ollivier was first silenced and subsequently suspended from his functions. It is to the continual conflicts between a patriotic Bar and a venal Bench of which the Palais de Justice is the theatre, to which M. Berryer alludes, when, in affecting language, he entreats the rising members of his order to hold fast that faith in which they have been trained. For ourselves, citizens of a State in which judicial integrity is above suspicion, the picture presented by his remarks is a dreary one—an omnipotent and all-centralizing despotism, a profligate and wicked Bench, and in the middle a little knot of noble orators striving against fate and circumstance, and hoping against hope.

In these dark times, the voice of M. Berryer sounds like the voice of an Apostle whose mission is to comfort and animate the Church in her hour of trial. In the palmy days of the French Bar, his eloquence and character reflected a lustre upon an already illustrious order. Since the Second Empire's birth, he has been one of the distinguished few who have remained faithful to the Shade of Liberty. He can say with Curran—"I have sat by her cradle—I have followed her hearse." Such men as he, who have been the ornaments of a Constitutional régime, can appreciate the dreary bitterness of oppression. The day, indeed, has not yet come in which venal Troplongs will be able to listen without flinching to his chastising voice. But the state of France is not a cheering spectacle, and to a man who is

no longer young, the most, perhaps, that it is permitted to hope is, that his children may some day be free. To the order of French advocates M. Berryer looks to keep alive the sacred fire, till the time comes when France ceases to bow and worship before an impersonation of anarchy and despotism. It is of importance, meanwhile, to maintain intact an apostolical succession of witnesses for liberty. Mr. Mill remarks that history does not warrant us in asserting that truth is never trampled out by persecution. *Aliquando moritur, dum exultat, libertas*. Freedom, like truth, may now and then be trampled out, and, so effectually, that it does not soon spring up again. It is a mistake to suppose that the nineteenth century, because it is the nineteenth century, is ensured against prolonged intervals of despotism. A new epoch is dawning upon us—the epoch of a centralization facilitated by every fresh invention of science; and it is difficult to divine what will be the history of the next hundred years. It is the duty of every reflective mind in France to throw its influence into the opposite scale. Let those who would break the unholy *liaison* between despotism and democracy speak out boldly when they can, before time and habit have rendered the corruption of their country's heart inveterate. Among the younger members of M. Berryer's profession there are some who have already showed themselves worthy to have his mantle fall upon them. So long as advocates like M. Jules Favre and M. Emile Ollivier are left to the French Bar, the Hermaic chain will not be broken. From lips like theirs we may expect to hear, on fitting occasions, bold confessions of faith and denunciations of iniquity, of which even M. Berryer would not be ashamed.

MR. RUSKIN AGAIN.

VERY delicate questions sometimes arise as to the point at which folly becomes so glaring as to be harmless, and the difficulty of deciding whether, in any particular case, it ought to be so considered is increased by the reflection that the capacity which men, and still more women, possess for being affected by absurdity is almost unbounded, and hardly conceivable. This is especially the case with tawdry and half-picturesque folly; and perhaps the noxious power of absolute nonsense is at its maximum when it is dashed with a sort of milk-and-water asceticism, which affects, by the help of a profusion of texts, to be pious as well as silly. These considerations induce us, not without considerable doubts whether good indignation is not wasted on a worthless object, to return to the subject of Mr. Ruskin's papers on Political Economy in the *Cornhill Magazine*. That Mr. Ruskin should consider Ricardo inaccurate, and look upon Mr. John Mill as inconsistent—that he should suppose that the Devil fell because he believed in political economy—that he should drag quotations from Zechariah and the Proverbs into the midst of declamatory accounts of exchange and profit which he occasionally describes as definitions—that he should conclude his speculations with a maudlin exhortation to all mankind to wear sackcloth and ashes, and to "go forth weeping"—is what might have been expected from his former career. But his former career contains, unhappily, the lesson that this sort of writing is popular. People like, for some strange reason, to see a man degrade himself; and there are few forms of self-degradation which are more flattering to mankind than the abjuration by a really able man—and where he has only to talk and to describe, and not to think, Mr. Ruskin undoubtedly is that—of the duty of moral continence and self-respect. If a man of any sort of mark will condescend to go about weeping and howling, quoting texts with a voice choked with tears, insulting his country and reproaching his neighbours with the querulous female virulence, he may obtain a certain sort of worship. There will be people who admire his insolence, the little airs of coquetry which he constantly gives himself, like a flirt who has ceased to be pretty, and, above all, the slightly refined Spurgeonism of his religion. So long as Mr. Ruskin confined himself to art, he had a subject on which the presence of a high degree of sensibility and descriptive power would atone for the want of more vigorous qualities; but it is intolerable that a man whose best performances are deformed by constant eruptions of windy hysterics should be able to avail himself of the pages of one of our most popular periodicals for the purpose of pouring out feminine nonsense, in language which women would have far too much self-respect to employ, upon so grave a subject as political economy. The *Cornhill Magazine*, properly enough, mixes with the lighter matter to which much of its popularity is owing discussions on subjects of serious interest. They should be, and they generally are, handled in the grave and quiet tone which educated men and women ought to employ in their communications with each other; and it is to be regretted that such a journal should admit such tirades upon such a subject. It is not becoming that such a man should be allowed the use of such a pulpit for the purpose of delivering spasmodic rants against political economy. The world may have been mistaken in looking upon Adam Smith, Mr. Ricardo, and Mr. Mill as some of the clearest and most useful thinkers that England ever produced, but they are, at any rate, entitled to better treatment than, like Sydney Smith's dean, to be preached to death by a mad governor.

It is an act of condescension to argue at all with a man who can only write in a scream. But, without attempting to disentangle the maze of empty sophisms which Mr. Ruskin has been revelling

in for some months past, we may give a few instances of his utter incompetency to have an opinion at all upon so difficult a subject as the one which he handles. The quality of his mind appears in the following remark. Mr. Mill observes—"The word 'value,' when used without adjunct, always means, in political economy, value in exchange;" "so that," adds Mr. Ruskin, "if two ships cannot exchange their rudders, their rudders are, in politico-economical language, of no value to either." One of Mr. Ruskin's curious delusions is that he is witty, and another that he is pre-eminently logical. Any one who will take the trouble of looking at the passage in which this quotation from Mr. Mill occurs (Book iii., ch. 1, s. 3), will obtain at a glance an estimate of the silly and flippant puerility of mind which underlies his brilliant language. We may observe that the sentence is absurd on the face of it. Stated fairly, Mr. Ruskin's illustration would run thus:—"If a ship's rudder could not be exchanged, it would have no value in exchange—which is (as it ought to be if the political economists are right) an identical proposition. As worded by Mr. Ruskin, it is an attempt to fix an absurdity on another man by uttering one himself. He omits the obvious possibility that the masters of the ships, instead of exchanging their rudders, might sell them elsewhere. In another place, Mr. Ruskin again attacks Mr. Mill for stating—that most persons who have studied the subject consider an indisputable truth—that a demand for commodities is not a demand for labour, but (which is a very different thing) for the results of labour, and that labour is supported and employed by the capital expended in setting it to work, and not by the demand of purchasers for its produce. Mr. Ruskin attempts to controvert this assertion, and he does so in a manner which shows that he does not understand the position which he attacks. Mr. Mill's example is the case of a man who spends money in laying out a pleasure-ground instead of buying velvet. In the first case, he says, he creates a demand for labour, but not in the second. Upon this Mr. Ruskin interpolates into his paper the ungrammatical and spasmodic observation—"Error, colossal as well as strange" (a remark which would not even be good French); and he observes in a note—"The consumer of the velvet pays the weaver with his own funds as much as he pays the gardener." "The velvet is as much produced by the consumer's capital, though he does not pay for it till six months after production, as the grass is produced by his capital." If this were true, Mr. Mill would be right by Mr. Ruskin's own confession, for his position is that, whoever produces the velvet, it is produced by *capital*, and not by the price paid for it after it is made. Mr. Ruskin does not understand Mr. Mill well enough to be able even to contradict him consistently. But in point of fact it is not true, unless the man who uses the velvet engaged and pays the labourers who make it—a case expressly referred to by Mr. Mill. The obvious test is this: If there were capital, but no demand, velvet or anything else could be made; if, on the other hand, there were the greatest possible demand (as in the case of a famine) but no capital, the velvet or corn could not be made. Upon this Mr. Mill observes—"So that the capital cannot be dispensed with—the purchasers can." This remark is altogether beyond Mr. Ruskin, who accordingly makes it the peg on which to hang one of the little jokes which a strange delusion leads him to believe to be amusing. "I do not know if Mr. Mill's conclusion has yet been reduced to practice in the City on any large scale." This is just the sort of observation which would draw from a certain kind of young lady the graceful compliment, "Oh, Mr. Ruskin, you are so satirical." Perhaps the culminating point of Mr. Ruskin's impudence is to be found in his attack on Ricardo, who is probably one of the most accurate of English thinkers and writers. "Ricardo," he says, "with his usual inaccuracy, defines what he calls the 'natural rate of wages,' as 'that which will maintain the labourer.' Maintain him, yes, but how? . . . First as to length of life. Out of a given number of fed persons how many are to be old, how many young? . . . Will you arrange their maintenance so as to kill them early, or so as to enable them to live out a natural life? Which does Mr. Ricardo mean to be their natural state, and to which state belongs the natural rate of wages?" Mr. Ruskin, with his usual inaccuracy, omitted to observe that Ricardo answered these questions in the very passage which he pretends to quote. What Ricardo said is this—"The natural price of labour is that price which is necessary to enable the labourers, one with another, to subsist and to perpetuate their race, without either increase or diminution. The power of the labourer to support himself and the family which may be necessary to keep up the number of labourers does not depend upon the quantity of money which he may receive for wages, but on the quantity of food, necessities, and conveniences *become essential to him from habit*, which that money will purchase." Impudence cannot go far beyond this. Mr. Ricardo specifies the number to be supported, and the degree of comfort in which they are to be supported—namely, that which has become essential to them from habit—and Mr. Ruskin accuses him of inaccuracy for having omitted to do so.

We will add only one other illustration of the utter imbecility of Mr. Ruskin's reasoning powers. His papers are one long attack upon political economy. He charges it with promoting every sort of meanness and avarice, and with being negligent of, if not opposed to, every moral virtue. We will put a precisely parallel case. In whatever sense political economy

is opposed to charity, to philanthropy, and to self-denial, medicine is also opposed to them. It is just as true to say that medicine exhorts men to be cowards, as to say that political economy exhorts them to grind the faces of the poor. Suppose a physician were to say, as he might with perfect truth, "If you go and visit that poor woman who is lying ill of scarlet fever, you will very possibly catch it yourself; if you get in the way of the shot and shell which are flying about those Chinese forts, you will be maimed, and perhaps killed; if you will go on nursing your husband, you will ruin your constitution; if you do not give up your profession, you will very probably shorten your life. Would any one say that his science was false, or that he was advising cowardice and selfishness? On the contrary, he would be telling the truth and doing his duty; and it would be for those whom he advised to do theirs, as the circumstances of the case might require. The case of the political economist is precisely the same. He says to a landlord, 'The principles of rent are so and so—you can get so much for your cottages. But he does not advise him to get all he can. He says to the employer of labour, 'The natural rate of wages is so and so—you can, if you please, obtain labourers for so much, and you can starve them into taking it. But he does not advise him to do so. Suppose a landlord were to say, "The labourers on my estate having been radically demoralized by the old Poor-law, and having from ignorance, extravagance, and vice, been reduced to a state of extreme misery and want, I have it in my power, as political economy shows, to obtain their services for 7s. a week, whereas they now receive 9s. This is what I could do if I pleased. I should gain by it 2s. a week per head in wages. On the other hand, I should perpetuate beggary and misery, and should be surrounded by wretched slaves instead of free Englishmen. I will, therefore, pay them wages on which they can live. I will improve their homes. I will establish schools. I will try to raise their notions of comfort, and to increase their powers of work. Thus they will have more and better labour to sell, and I more to buy; they will become more and more independent, and I shall be at once better served, and a happier and better man, and I think all this worth much more than the immediate sacrifice of wages." Surely this is straightforward, and consistent both with political economy and with social duty. Whether the writings of Ricardo and Mr. Mill, with their vigorous logic and manly simplicity of style, would conduce to such a tone of feeling more than Mr. Ruskin's intolerable twaddle about Ixion, Demas, Dante, and Ezekiel's vision of the wheels, is a question which people will determine according to their preference for strong exercise on the one hand, or hysterics on the other.

There is another side to Mr. Ruskin's theories which is to us even more repulsive than his attacks on political economy and the great writers who have investigated it. The way in which he writes of the relations of the rich and poor is worse than ridiculous. It is positively wicked, for it can produce amongst the poor nothing else than bitter and causeless hatred, base ingratitude, and a vile, servile temper of mind, the contemplation of which can excite nothing but indignant disgust. The following are the passages to which we refer:—

It is proposed to better the condition of the labourer by giving him higher wages. "Nay," says the economist, "if you raise his wages, he will either people down to the same point of misery at which you found him, or drink your wages away." He will. I know it. Who gave him this will? Suppose it were your own son of whom you spoke, declaring to me that you dared not take him into your own firm, nor even give him his just labourer's wages, because, if you did, he would die of drunkenness, and leave half a score of children to the parish. "Who gave your son these dispositions?" I should inquire. Has he them by inheritance or by education? By one or the other they must come; and, as in him, so also in the poor. Either these poor are of a race essentially different from ours, and unredeemable (which, however often implied, I have heard none yet openly say), or else, by such care as we have ourselves received, we may make them continent and sober as ourselves—wise and dispassionate as we are—models arduous of imitation. But, it is answered, they cannot receive education. Why not? That is precisely the point at issue. Charitable persons suppose the worse fault of the rich is to refuse the people meat; and the people cry for their meat, kept back by fraud, to the Lord of Multitudes. Alas! it is not meat of which the refusal is cruellest or of which the claim is validest. The life is more than the meat. The rich not only refuse food to the poor, they refuse wisdom, they refuse virtue, they refuse salvation. Ye sheep without shepherd, it is not the pasture that has been shut from you, but the presence. Meat! perhaps your right to that may be pious; but other rights have to be pleaded first. Claim your crumbs from the table, if you will; but claim them as children, not as dogs; claim your right to be fed, but claim more loudly your right to be holy, perfect, and pure.

And if on due and honest thought over these things, it seems that the kind of existence to which men are now summoned by every plea of pity and claim of right, may, for some time at least, not be a luxurious one; consider whether, even supposing it guiltless, luxury would be desired by any of us, if we saw clearly at our sides the suffering which accompanies it in the world. Luxury is indeed possible in the future, innocent and exquisite; luxury for all, and by the help of all; but luxury at present can only be enjoyed by the ignorant; the cruellest man living could not sit at his feast unless he sat blindfold. Raise the veil boldly, face the light, and if, as yet, the light of the eye can only be through tears, and the light of the body through sackcloth, go thou forth weeping, bearing precious seed, until the time come and the Kingdom, when Christ's gift of bread, and bequest of peace, shall be unto this last as unto thee, and when for earth's several multitudes of the wicked and the weary, there shall be holier reconciliation than that of the narrow home, and calm economy, where the Wicked cease not from trouble, but from troubling—and the weary are at rest.

Putting these passages together, what do we learn from them? That the rich are responsible for all the sins of the poor—that they are wicked tyrants who "refuse not only food to

the poor, but salvation"—and that, in consequence, they ought to go forth mourning in sackcloth and ashes, and to live on bread and water till every labourer in the country is in perfect comfort. Whether Mr. Ruskin practises his own doctrine—whether he wears sackcloth, and "goes weeping forth, bearing precious seed"—are questions which greatly concern his own sincerity, though they are not very important to the public; but though his evidence is worthless against others, it is good against himself. He is a man of property—he therefore, by his own confession, has refused the poor not food only, but salvation. If he has ever enjoyed anything beyond mere necessities—if he has ever lived in a good house, kept a carriage, worn good clothes, bought expensive books, made expensive journeys, indulged expensive tastes—he must, by his own statement, be cruel and ignorant; and if he continues to do so for the future, he is a hypocrite as well. One of the duties which he prescribes to the rich he has certainly fulfilled. "The light of the eyes can only be through tears," and he is a perfect paragon of blubbering. He whines and snivels about England and the poor like the Jews who howl before the wall of Jerusalem. However this may be, he has certainly put together, in the passages we have extracted, such a heap of calumnies and insults against all classes of English society as few writers can match. The poor, it seems, are mere slaves, and irresponsible slaves. They are vicious and degraded, and it is all the fault of the rich. Was there ever such an idolater of wealth as this denouncer of riches? The notion of the poor praying to the rich for leave to be good, is one which could only have occurred to a sentimental philanthropist. If Mr. Ruskin's words are not as idle as they are false, he must mean to say that the poor have no will, no conscience, and no responsibility; that if a labourer gets drunk and beats his wife it is the fault of the squire, the parson, and the attorney; that if a servant steals his master's property it is the fault of his master for being rich, and that the poor depend upon the rich not only for their food, but for their salvation.

To state such absurdities is to refute them, but poor men would do well to consider that what Mr. Ruskin says is only the broad statement of a popular fallacy which often lurks under philanthropic phrases. They can lay their sufferings at the door of the rich only by laying their freedom there also. Free agents may sin, and reasonable beings may suffer, but it is possible to sink beneath sin and suffering by becoming a thing instead of a person. They would also do well to consider carefully the concluding paragraph of their kind patron's advice. Luxury is at present a sin—"the light of the eye can only be through tears." This applies to the prosperous mechanic as well as to the rich merchant, for no sharp line divides them. The frugal and skilful labourer has no more right to dress well or to carry a watch than Mr. Ruskin himself. If a mechanic abjures spirits and puts off his marriage till he has got a good stock of clothes, some shelves of books, substantial furniture, and the means of hiring a maid-of-all-work, he is little better than one of the wicked. If he can furnish a few rooms and let lodgings, he is next door to a capitalist; and if he eats meat more than once a week he is on the high road to perdition. It is simply awful to think, too, how he neglects the great duty of crying. The wretch has been known to go to the play when he ought to have been weeping between the workhouse and the hospital, and he sometimes allows himself to be pleased with his wife's new gown though he has a drunken neighbour whose wardrobe is at the pawnbroker's.

To English feelings the most revolting part of Mr. Ruskin's performance is his gross calumny on the nation to which he belongs. Ours is not a country to cry about. Philanthropic gentlemen are infinitely too ready with their pity. It is simply false and absurd to assert that a man who is industrious and sober—and how the rich prevent the poor from being either utterly passes our understanding—cannot, as a rule, get a living here. On the contrary, there is no old country in the world in which he can do this so easily. With prudence, and self-command, and a moderate amount of manual skill, almost any one can both live and marry; and what do men wish for beyond this? Do they wish some paternal despotism to coddle and dandle them, to protect them against their own faults by depriving them of their free will, and to convert them into emascuated animals, for fear that some of them may be unhappy men? The English people are far too sturdy for such wretched crutches and leading-strings as these. Indeed, they have had enough of them. The old Poor-law, which perpetuated the pauperism originated by the monasteries, was framed upon the sort of half-understood notions of paternal government which Mr. Ruskin would wish to revive, and its traces still remain, both in our laws and our villages. The absurd law of Settlement still disgraces the one, and a considerable degree of servility and misery lingers in the other. If any one wishes to see the difference between the social effects of the application of the principles of political economy and those of a merely instinctive charity, let him compare Lincolnshire, the East Riding of Yorkshire, and that part of the Scotch lowlands which is scientifically cultivated, with the south and west of England. The difference between the man who earns eighteen shillings a week under the one system and the man who earns nine shillings under the other will give him some notion of the comparative value of the philanthropy of Mr. Ruskin and that of Mr. Mill.

A MODERN PARODY ON POPE HILDEBRAND.

L'APPETIT vient en mangeant is a stale saying, which Pius IX. seems disposed to illustrate in an original way. Evidently he is taking lovingly to hot water. Not content with a pretty thorough political scalding, his system appears to have acquired so morbid a taste for searching corrosives as to be now devoured with the appetite for a proportionate application of polemical blisters. Having, with tolerable certainty, succeeded in securing the thankful remembrance of liberated generations under the future title of Pius Lackland, the Pope is become smitten with affections that may possibly entitle him also to the distinction of Lackflock. There is indeed something as painful as it is ludicrous in the fumbling childishness which marks the tremulous combativeness exhibited by the mild Pius IX. under delirium from immoderate draughts of what he considers the wholesome spirit of the Church militant. Amidst the applause of those fanatic paladins—the prelates of his household—with the beaming blandness of happy ignorance, the Pope is tightening his girths, and poising his inflexible lance for a tilt right into the midst of his own flock. One blind spurt more, and Pius IX. may go to rest with the conviction of having at least done all that a pontiff could do to bring the venerable pile of St. Peter's metropolitan dome down about the head of his destitute successor. However trivial in itself the matter involved in these bursts of Pontifical frenzy must appear to all but a small circle of drivellers, it acquires importance in connexion with the embarrassment already besetting the See of Rome. For the most sanguine champions of its temporalities feel that the assault now directed against these can be beaten back only by the most united efforts, and that the hope of success must become utterly dashed if any body of partisans were to grow discontented. Yet this is precisely the effect which the strange proceedings of Pius IX. are calculated to produce. The rights long ago conceded by general consent to Catholic communities, as limits set upon their international dependence upon Rome, this pale and stricken shadow of a Pope in decrepitude actually fancies himself capable of filching back in the present days of declared pontifical decay. The weakest, the mildest, and the least resolute of Popes has become a prey to the hallucination that he is about to make good the exorbitant pretensions which, even in the depths of mediæval darkness, it baffled the unflinching courage of soaring churchmen to establish. And with simple self-complacency he keeps congratulating himself on the success of his exertions, while in truth he is performing a wretched parody upon the historical struggle about investiture, fought by his great predecessors. The windfall of the Austrian Concordat must be considered the cause that immediately led to this morbid inflammation in the Pope's mental vision. Due to the reckless statesmanship of a military cynic who thought thereby to drill the clergy into effective sharpshooters, and to the august dulness of a young Emperor whose weak parts had been thoroughly crippled by being packed from infancy in the stifling folds of superstition and bigotry, the Concordat was presented to Pius IX. as the spontaneous offering of an Empire revelling in the abject prostration of homage to ecclesiastical supremacy. No Pope, indeed, has ever been in a position to boast so ample an act of tribute to his authority as this elaborate model of ecclesiastical usurpation as it floated before the mind of a Hildebrand. No wonder that Pius IX., then in the tide of successful reaction, should have hailed the unexpected gift from a government once wielded by a Joseph II. as a sign from Heaven of a return to godliness in the spirit of the age, which it only required vigilance and valour in the Supreme Pontiff to turn into a confirmed triumph. Under this idea he has entered on a course of action which has succeeded in embroiling him on points of ecclesiastical administration with three old and staunch Roman Catholic communities—Portugal, Peru, and France.

The dispute with Portugal is the one of least consequence. In fact, it deserves notice only when taken in conjunction with the others, as indicative of a systematic tendency. It is connected with the vast ecclesiastical patronage claimed by the Portuguese crown in its foreign possessions, in virtue of the ancient prerogatives conceded to it by former Popes, but which, through the decay of Portuguese power abroad, became gradually usurped by the Court of Rome. Recently Portugal revived these claims, which are indisputable at all events for the Vatican, and after long negotiation a Concordat was concluded. Its terms appear, however, to have been singularly ambiguous; for, upon proceeding to make appointments, the Portuguese Government has found itself opposed by pleas which are destructive of its jurisdiction. It is probable that it will waive its claims. Content with its own recognised independence of Rome to a degree that distinguishes it from all other Catholic communities—so that the clergy are solely subject to the ordinary native tribunals, and the kingdom is entirely cleansed from monastic institutions—Portugal is indisposed to engage in an acrid contest upon a matter of mere punctilio in the present condition of its Indian possessions.

Far more serious is the dispute with Peru. The South American communities, while intensely Catholic in superstition, have inherited that stubborn national spirit which has always made the mother country rebel against bowing submissively in points of discipline to dictation from Rome. There is a fiery element

of pride and haughtiness in Spanish bigotry which, on divers occasions, has directed its fury even against the Vatican. Distance never fails to weaken the intensity of affection; and so the already middling Ultramontane zeal of Spain proper has been further diluted in crossing the Atlantic. The fanatical Catholics of South America find that they go through their orisons and enjoy the protection of their saintly mysteries to perfection without any intervention of Rome upon the scene, so that the Pope and his satellites are really fading in their minds into a mere formula. This is a highly curious state of things from the glaring contrast between the prevailing intensity of Catholic superstition in its most grovelling shape and the complete indifference for what Catholic doctrine pronounces to be cardinal institutions. It might have been supposed that during his residence in Spanish South America the Pope might have learnt to understand the temper of its populations. On the contrary, he is deliberately acting in the way most calculated to fan into a blaze their jealousy of autocratic interference from abroad. The Peruvian Government, having submitted to the Pope for canonical confirmation a person of its choice for the dignity of Vicar General, the confirmation has been refused, on the ground that in his youth this prelate had been guilty of holding opinions adverse to the obligatory celibacy of the clergy. It has not been pretended that he still retains such views, but only that he did once entertain them—which is also the case with persons now about the Pope, while their practice is sanctioned in the Church for all priests of the United Greek rite. In other respects, not the slightest objection has been raised against the candidate. Indeed it is affirmed that, by his singular propriety of conduct, he enjoys the marked esteem of the community. No representations have, however, as yet been able to induce the Pope to recede from his first decision; and the alterations on this matter have reached a point where it is evident that the mulish obstinacy of the Vatican is rapidly drifting the Peruvian Government into proclaiming its utter independence from Rome in all matters of ecclesiastical administration.

But by far the most important of the Pope's clerical quarrels are his differences with France in reference to the Abbé Maret's nomination to the See of Vannes. It is an old story how hateful are the so-called Gallican liberties to the school of Ultramontane zealots, as consecrating in the heart of Catholic Europe privileges thoroughly obstructive of pontifical usurpation. These liberties it has been the steady purpose of this party to undermine, and the former sycophancy of the Imperial Government in Church matters considerably assisted their efforts. France has been inundated by prelates imbued with Ultramontane doctrines, who have hunted down and tried to exterminate everything distinctive and protective of Gallicanism, until the character of the French clergy seemed altogether transformed. But there is much that is delusive in this apparent wholesale conversion to Ultramontanism. No class is ever enthusiastic for its own enslavement, and Ultramontanism hands over to its superiors the lower clergy bound hand and foot. The discipline proper to the Catholic Church always makes its members slow to protest against the injunctions of authority. There can, however, be no doubt that a large proportion of the rank and file of the French clergy are Gallicans at heart, and have no genuine sympathies with the views circulated of late. A convincing proof of this is afforded by their very insignificant exertions in behalf of the Pope. Their sympathy has had no practical result in men or money. The truth is that, to a large extent, it was on their part an official sympathy, having all the lukewarmness proper to ceremonial obligation, and little of the fervour belonging to effusions from the heart. It would, indeed, be astounding if national traditions of such celebrity as those of the Gallican Church could have died out all at once; and Louis Napoleon appears to have bethought himself of them, now that he has learnt how little he can rely upon the ecclesiastical magnates on whom once he lavished adulation. The selection of the Abbé Maret for the See of Vannes is supposed to indicate this turn in the Emperor's reflections. In such a sense has it at least been interpreted at the Vatican, and forthwith the decision was taken not to confirm the nomination, in the hope that a firm attitude at the outset might arrest the supposed intention gradually to revolutionize the French Church by the insidious introduction of Gallican prelates. Such a project would justify anxiety in the Vatican, and the attempt to carry it out might well evoke a struggle legitimately involving great principles. But these large aspects of the case have been completely put out of sight through the childish behaviour of the Pope. What might have been raised into a grave and dignified question, he has contrived to conduct in so wretchedly quibbling and puerile a manner as to give it the look of some burlesque contest in a farce, inserted for the sole purpose of loading its butt with ridicule.

Having made up his infallible mind that the serpent of Gallianism must be lodged within the person of the Abbé Maret, the Pope was resolved to smite the arch-reptile that was cunningly seeking to invade the precincts of the Church in the insidious disguise of a prelate. But here this St. Michael of canonical glorification found himself somewhat bothered. There was an awkward difficulty about getting at the beast. For stringent conditions restricted the avenger of orthodoxy to canonical ground, and within its slippery pale no coaxing and no compulsion seemed likely to make the intended victim

stray. Vain was the sleepless watch set upon the Abbé's doings. He could never be detected wandering into the slightest speculative aberration. It was impossible to find a flaw, and the Abbé's conduct vexatiously persisted in presenting the most provoking propriety. But canon law never would have been a code without the indispensable facilities for quibbles and subterfuges. Among its regulations is a table of exclusions from ecclesiastical life in consequence of bodily defects, and it was resolved that the pleas not to be wrung from the Abbé's obstinate moral rectitude should be found in some part or other of his body. It is true that these exclusions are perpetually disregarded, and that the Sovereign Pontiff is himself a striking instance of the transgression of the rule against ordaining persons subject to epilepsy. It is to be presumed that, in the delight of having hit upon a stratagem and the hurry of pursuit, the Pope's advisers were so excited as to overlook these delicate points. So the Abbé's ears were pounced upon as the organs whereon to establish the desired hold; and the Holy Father, in reply to his Eldest Son's request to confirm the Abbé Maret in the See of Vannes, expressed the profoundest grief at being absolutely unable to comply with his petition, owing to the melancholy fact of the Abbé being without the sense of hearing. To this statement the Eldest Son demurred, and insisted, fairly enough, upon a trial of the soundness of his *protégé's* auricular organs. Accordingly, an adequate canonist was deputed to test the true condition of the Abbé Maret's ears. Taking his seat at the extremity of an apartment, with all the gravity befitting so important an inquiry, the dignitary addressed, in a low tone of voice, remarks befitting the solemn occasion to the Abbé on his appearing at the opposite end; and these remarks the Abbé proved that he had distinctly heard by at once repeating every word. Whereupon a properly certified communication of this interesting occurrence was forthwith despatched for the presumed consternation of the confuted Holy Father. But it is not harder to catch a weasel asleep than to take aback an ecclesiastic of the Court of Rome. The document was received with interest and read with pleasure, and, in return, produced the quiet remark from the Pope that the Abbé Maret had kidneys, and that they were diseased. As to what may be the connexion between the functions of kidneys and the duties of episcopacy, we confess ourselves unable to surmise; but to judge from the stress laid upon the soundness of those organs in this instance, we must infer that, in the abstruse mysteries of canon lore, their healthy condition is held to be at least as essential to a Bishop's ministration as a ring and crozier are to the ceremonial of his investiture. So the Pope blandly observed how unfortunate a circumstance it was—beyond the help of remedy—that he should be precluded from granting his confirmation in a See to a person whose kidneys were out of order. Besides, added his Holiness, another most serious objection has come to light, indicating in the poor Abbé a hardly less shocking state of perverted tastes. He had been seen abroad without his long cassock—wearing only the shorter and half-dress raiment, and such scandalous eccentricity was *contra bonos mores*. With this oracular declaration, the Eldest Son's crestfallen envoy, who had skipped in with the assurance of anticipated triumph, found himself obliged to bow out of the Vatican. In Paris it was, however, resolved not to put up tamely with such flimsy allegations, but to refute them in the same signal manner as the former one. Accordingly, a sifting inquiry into the Abbé's health and habits of dress was at once instituted, and at the same time the *Moniteur* gave a growl of defiance in the announcement of the Abbé's nomination to the See of Vannes. The result of the inquiry was forthwith forwarded to Rome with all the necessary documents. Elaborate medical certificates proved that the Abbé's kidneys, though they had once been affected, were now in perfect condition, while, in exculpation of irregular dress, there was produced the dispensation from the Archbishop of Paris, authorizing him not to wear full canonicals in consideration of his being deputed on special service. In due time the Pope replied. The Holy Father was sincerely rejoiced to hear so comfortable an account of the Abbé's kidneys—he had been greatly interested also in perusing the Archbishop's dispensation. For the communication of these cherished documents he tendered affectionate thanks to his Eldest Son. Nevertheless, on the three before-mentioned grounds—defect in hearing, disorder of the kidneys, irregularity in dress—his conscience declined to confirm the Abbé Maret as Bishop of Vannes. And at this point the comedy remains for the present suspended, neither party manifesting the least inclination to give way.

It is easy to overlook the serious elements lurking beneath these burlesque exhibitions. When Leo X. bestowed upon his sister a grant on the sale of indulgences, the keen wit of Rome lavished sarcasms upon the indecorum of that act, but no one ever suspected the extent of its consequences. It is difficult to say what effect might not be produced, should the obstinate old gentleman in the Chair of St. Peter's persist at this inauspicious moment in a course of vexatious annoyance against his spiritual subjects. Far more considerable than appear at first sight are the elements of discontent that have been gathered in the Catholic world during the Pontificate of Pius IX.—mainly owing to his injudicious interference. Dissatisfaction is to be found in some portion of every Catholic community—even in the best circles of ecclesiastical Rome—at the harassing and incapable way in which

the Papal authority is being wielded, and we shall be surprised if a little longer persistence in this system without relaxation does not bring upon the Church new and bitter dissensions.

PROTECTION TO FOREIGN INDUSTRY.

THE meeting of the Southern hop-growers, at which squires and farmers have been numerously congregating, under the chairmanship of Mr. Beresford Hope, to concert plans for attacking their common enemy, Mr. Gladstone, is one of the signs of the recess which must prepare him for the fact that his darling Budget has not yet passed into the region of *faits accomplis*. When once the Budget of 1853 was sanctioned, the strong controversies which attended its progress were quieted at once. It will not be so with the Budget of 1860. Marking Mr. Gladstone's transition from the school of Peel to the school of Bright, it is too much tainted with the rash and arbitrary character of its new inspiration to command the subsequent acquiescence which is the true sign of a really progressive policy. It was passed in haste, and now the nation is beginning to repent at leisure. The gorgeous promises scattered with so liberal a hand are collapsing one after another, and the financial future is becoming darker and darker. People are beginning to feel that, in the present state of Europe, the remission of productive Customs duties on mere luxuries only means a larger Income-tax, to which a deficient harvest is not exactly the thing to reconcile us. The French treaty, to purchase which these costly remissions of Customs duties were made, is not quite as popular with the commercial classes as it was. The silk-weavers are ruined, and the ironmasters are not enriched. The latter are beginning to open their eyes to the exact value of the vague promises held out in the spring. They have got rid of prohibition, and they have got a prohibitive duty instead; and, strangely enough, they do not seem at all sensible of the enormous benefit of the change. Meanwhile, the operations upon our system of indirect taxation have hitherto failed in producing that immediate spring of prosperity which marked the remissions of Sir Robert Peel, whose policy we have been impotently mimicking. The consumption of wine has not increased as it ought; the consumption of spirits has fallen unexpectedly; and the utter failure of the hops will not tend to augment the prosperity of the Excise.

But when February—the month of reckoning—comes, Mr. Gladstone will have to hear something about justice as well as about policy in connexion with his late Budget. Square, straight-cut systems are not to be made, even with the best Laputan scissors, without clipping away people's rights by the handful. The hop-growers are one of the classes whom, for the sake of balancing his figures prettily, he has treated with the most merciless injustice; and as they appear to be in no mind to take their chastisement meekly, they are likely to prove a formidable addition to the host of antagonists whom he has prepared for himself against next year. They are old enemies of Chancellors of the Exchequer. From time immemorial a portion of them have lived in a condition of chronic deputation. The hop tax is almost unique of its kind, and is clogged with injustice so flagrant and obvious that it has never ceased to produce bitter discontent. With the trifling exception of chicory, it is the only excise on the raw produce of the soil. Now, raw produce has this peculiarity as compared with a manufactured article—that it differs enormously in quality at various seasons and in various places, and yet differs by gradations so imperceptible that no taxing system can recognise these differences. At least, in the case of hops, the Excise authorities have never made the attempt. They tax hops by the weight, and take no note of good years or bad, of high quality or low. Of course the tax crushes some hop-growers, and sits but lightly upon others. The result has naturally been that, till lately, the Chancellor of the Exchequer has always been able to pit one section of hop-growers against the other. The owners of the richer hop-grounds were not discontented with a tax which embarrassed them of their less fortunate rivals.

These ancient antagonists it has been Mr. Gladstone's singular good fortune, by one high-handed freak of oppression, to combine against himself. His passion for symmetry is well known. He not only wishes to practise it himself, but also to obtain the credit for doing so from his Manchester admirers, who are far from being at home on the subject of hops. The Excise-duty and the Customs-duty must be cut down to a strict level, lest Manchester should think that he was a backslider from the dogma of Free-trade. Accordingly, as the Excise is to be fourteen shillings, so he drags down the Customs-duty to fourteen shillings also, and then loudly proclaims that Free-trade at last prevails, pure and undefiled. That, with his means of information, he can really have been deluded into believing this to have been a measure of Free-trade, is quite incredible, but it is to be presumed that he gauged rightly the ignorance of his manufacturing disciples. In real truth, a more arrant piece of Protection was never perpetrated. It only differs from all former measures of Protection in that the party whom it protects is the Bavarian, and not the Englishman. To say that the burdens of both are equal because fourteen shillings is levied by the Exchequer from each, is an argument fitted only for the utter ignorance of the House of Commons. It implies the assumption that Custom-house duties and Excise duties are equally burdensome. Nothing can be further from the truth. The Custom-house system is so much more favourable to commercial opera-

tions than the Excise, that, duties being equal, it operates as a decided protection to the foreigner; and in the case of hops, the peculiar character of the trade makes it a protection perfectly ruinous to his English competitors. To some extent this arises from the stereotyped form of production which the Excise regulations force the hop-grower to adopt. A certain amount of advantage is given to the Bavarian by his liberty of using what processes he pleases in the preparation of his hops, and doing everything exactly at his own time and in his own way. The Englishman has an Exciseman hanging about his oast-house, and every step he takes out of the beaten track he stumbles against an Excise regulation. But this is the smallest part of the foreigner's gain. The facility of bonding, under the Custom-house system, is the great advantage by which he is easily able, under Mr. Gladstone's tariff, to drive his English competitor out of the market. The price of hops, depending as it does upon an uncertain crop, fluctuates rapidly and violently. Every farmer's profits depend, in a great measure, on the judgment with which he selects the time at which to sell; but, with a hop-farmer, this is pre-eminently the case. If he sold his hops directly they were ready, without looking to the state of the market, he would be ruined to a certainty. Waiting for his market is an indispensable element in his business; and he will often have to wait two, three, or even more years. But the Excise collector will not wait. The farmer must pay the tax the moment his hops are ready. If he be a poor man he must borrow money to satisfy the Exciseman's demand; but he may have to wait three years before he can sell the hops on which the tax is levied, and from the price of which he is to repay the money he has borrowed. During that interval, be it long or short, he must pay interest on the sum of money that he has been made to pay into the Exchequer. That interest is, in theory, precisely the measure of the protection given to the foreigner. In practice, the case is often a great deal worse. A farmer has not always the facilities for borrowing, and then, in order to pay the duty, he *must* sell; and that a forced sale is a ruinous sale is a proposition that needs no proving. The Bavarian is a stranger to all these sorrows. There is no fixed period at which he must pay. He quietly bonds his hops and awaits the turns of the market; and, as long as he waits for his market, so long the Exchequer has to wait for its money. Probably, not a farthing of duty passes from his hands to the Government till the purchaser has paid over to him the purchase-money of his hops. Thanks to the bonding system, he knows nothing of forced sales at ruinous rates, or crushing debts contracted to avert the Excise-collector's threats of a distress. Is it a wonder that he is able to undersell the Englishman? This is what Mr. Gladstone pleasantly calls a system of Free-trade.

The only answer to the remonstrances of his victims which he deigns to give is the considerate suggestion, "give up growing hops." He might as well tell the Highlanders to give up growing oats. The hop-growers do not grow hops from any peculiar preference for that most uncertain crop, or from any personal eccentricity of taste, but because their land is best fitted for hops, and will not grow anything else with profit. They justly think that a Minister is bound to adapt his finance to the course of trade, and not to squeeze trade out of its natural channels for the sake of giving an elegant simplicity to his tariff. The imperious tone in which they are being told to change their vocation and to throw all their vast investments of capital into the sea, not in pursuance, but in defiance, of Free-trade, has naturally aroused a just spirit of resistance.

The meeting we have spoken of is only the inauguration of an organized agitation on the part of all who are connected with hops against the tax which has been made the vehicle of so much wrong. It is only to be hoped that the hop-growers will not suffer their indignation to evaporate in a mere effervescence of grumble. If they wish to succeed, they must economize their resentment so as to make it last for several years to come. Their chairman, in a vigorous and lucid speech, impressed upon them that a good case without a good agitation to back it would do very little to unseat or to convert an antagonist so resolute as Mr. Gladstone. It is advice they will do well to lay to heart. There is a thick coating of indifference, ignorance, and weariness between an M.P.'s conscience and a subject's grievance; and an elaborate and costly machinery is needed to pierce it. If they would succeed in creating, on the benches of the House of Commons, the sympathy which their case undoubtedly deserves, they must not grudge the expense or flinch from the labour. Pamphlets, platform speeches, paid agents, personal canvass, are the modern form of the constitutional Petition of Right. If, for the next few years, the hop-growers infuse half their present indignation into an energetic employment of this machinery, and lay bare—it is all they need—the injustice under which they suffer to the light of a full publicity, they will not long be the victims of a tax which, as adjusted by Mr. Gladstone, gives a bounty to the Bavarian to enable him to undersell the Englishman.

THE ARMSTRONG GUNS IN CHINA.

THE small portion of the force destined for the China expedition which was sent out from this country, scarcely excited, at the time of its leaving England, an interest proportioned to the issues dependent on the result of its operations. There was little enthusiasm at the prospect of a new China war. The greater part of the armament intended to avenge the defeat of the Peiho

was supplied by India, and public attention was hardly drawn to the departure of two batteries of artillery which alone left this country to take part in the expedition. The embarkation of this small force was probably witnessed by few beyond those drawn together to wish good speed to relations or friends. Yet the ship which on a dull January morning conveyed from Woolwich the first Armstrong guns that left the shores of England carried with it a stake by which was to be tested not merely our national character for inventive genius, but the foresight of our Government and the value of a principal element of our military resources.

For some time an evil fate seemed to hang over this small force. Scarcely had it left England when stories got abroad of defects in the carriages of the new guns. Then followed a breakdown in the transport arrangements, and delays in the passage of the troops through Egypt, which at one time gave rise to apprehensions that the newly invented artillery might arrive too late to take part in the operations in China. The newspapers spoke of injury done by damp on board ship to the peculiar kind of powder required for the proper service of the guns; and reports reached home of disappointment among the sightseers at Hong-Kong on the first exhibition of the practice with the novel weapon of war, of whose wonderful effects inordinate anticipations had probably been formed. The rumours on some or all of these subjects may have been exaggerated or unfounded, but they could scarcely fail to increase the anxiety of those at a distance interested in the result of the great experiment. Nor was this the sole cause of uneasiness. The new invention had not reached a state of maturity, when the demand came for a practical trial of its worth. The recent introduction of the Armstrong ordnance had barely given time to either officers or men to become thoroughly acquainted with the new gun, or accustomed to an altered system of drill, before they were sent on active service. After arriving at Hong-Kong, the instruction of the men in the working of the guns had to be completed, and the troublesome task to be executed of breaking-in raw native horses to the transport of field artillery. Ammunition of a peculiar and delicate nature was to be tried for the first time under circumstances of climate the effect of which upon its efficiency could scarcely be predicted. When, in addition to these difficulties, it is remembered what grave apprehensions were entertained by many as to the practical working of the guns, and their power of standing the rough usage of active service, it must be owned that there were causes enough to give uneasiness even to the officers who had the greatest confidence in the powers of the weapon committed to their charge. The Armstrong guns, in fact, went into action on the 12th of August under the greatest disadvantages. Knocked about and transhipped half-a-dozen times, as they had been, before landing at Peltang, this was nothing to what awaited them in their advance from that village against the entrenched camp at Sinho. We who see the artillery gallop across Woolwich Common or Aldershot Heath, can scarcely form an idea of the difficulty of transporting guns and waggons across a morass intersected by broad ditches, where the wheels sink every second minute axle-deep in mud. Yet through this ordeal the guns passed unscathed, without the slightest disarrangement to the delicate machinery supposed by many to be so liable to get knocked out of joint.

The moment of firing the first shot against the enemy must have been an exciting one, both to those who took part in and to those who witnessed the operation. From the time the second round was fired, there could be no question of the power of the Armstrong gun. "These," says the despatch of Sir R. Napier, who commanded the division, "were the first shots fired with that weapon in war, and the range and accuracy of their fire excited the admiration of the force." Sir Hope Grant is no less explicit in his praise. Speaking of the losses in the two first engagements, he ascribes the short list of casualties to "the enemy being completely paralyzed by the superior fire of our artillery." Nor was their effect less decided against fortified works than against troops in the field. Eye-witnesses bear testimony to their terrific ravages upon the Northern fort on the 21st. Embrasures torn up, guns dismounted and ripped open from the muzzle, dead bodies blown to fragments or hideously mutilated, were the sights which, after the fort was in our possession, met the eyes of those who examined the scene of destruction. The weapon upon the perfecting of which this country has expended so much wealth and labour has proved itself the most terrible engine of warfare ever yet brought to bear upon an enemy.

There is one point, perhaps, upon which the information at present before us scarcely allows of a final judgment being formed. It is hardly fair as yet to say how far the French *canons rayés* will bear comparison with the Armstrong guns. In the opinion of English officers, there seems to be no doubt as to the decided superiority of our own weapon; but as yet no French opinion has been publicly expressed on their comparative merits. It must also be remembered that the Armstrong gun may at a future day be exposed to an ordeal more severe than any to which it could be subjected in China. It has not yet been opposed in action to an artillery which could attempt to compete with it in its peculiar advantages; for the Chinese guns, though apparently well served and of heavy calibre, could have neither the range nor the precision of rifled ordnance. The success, however, already achieved may well be considered a good omen for the future.

Without reports in greater detail than we yet possess, it is of course impossible to say whether any or what improvements in the guns or their equipment may be suggested by the experience of their trial in China. There seems to be a general impression that the weight of the carriages might with advantage be diminished; and to this and other questions which may be raised we cannot doubt that Sir W. Armstrong will turn his serious attention. It is also worthy of remark, that on one occasion, as we infer from the account of the *Times* Correspondent, the effect of the Armstrong guns upon an entrenched work at a short range of 200 yards was scarcely so great as that of the old 9-pounders. This is in accordance, we believe, with the expectation of many experienced judges. It is said that at short ranges the penetrating power of the Armstrong projectile is so great, that it cuts a clean hole, without doing the same injury to earth-works or masonry as a round-shot. Should this really prove the case, it may be a question whether it will not be necessary still to retain the old smooth-bore gun as an auxiliary portion of our artillery, or whether, by some modification of the Armstrong projectile, it may be made as destructive in its effects at short as it undoubtedly is at long ranges. We may also call attention to the fact that, in the accounts which have as yet reached us of the three engagements, there is no mention of practice with the guns at any extraordinary ranges. The despatches speak of no attempt to reach a greater range than from 2000 to 2500 yards. This course may have been designedly adopted, or have been necessitated by peculiar local conditions; but the fact at first sight seems to favour an opinion strongly advocated in France, and held by many artillerymen in this country, that in action a range of more than 3000 yards is scarcely attainable, and that extraordinary length of range is not, practically speaking, the greatest advantage to be sought for in a gun.

But though fuller information may be looked for to satisfy our curiosity, or to afford data for improvements on minor points, there is no reason why we should suspend our judgment on the general success of the Armstrong guns. We hear nothing of confusion from the intricacies of their machinery. Even the old bugbear of fouling is happily disposed of; and in precision, destructive effect, ease of handling, and capacity of standing any amount of rough usage, testimony is unanimous as to their excellence. Sir W. Armstrong may well be congratulated upon the success of his invention, and the greatest credit is due both to officers and men for the manner in which, in the face of great difficulties, they contributed to the auspicious result of a novel and critical experiment. The importance of the success can best be estimated by attempting to conceive the condition in which we should have been placed by a contrary result. Adopted, as the invention was by many considered to be, with undue precipitation, the game we played was an uncertain if not a dangerous one. Had the Armstrong guns proved a failure, we should have had to deplore not merely the waste of vast sums of money, but the loss of time spent in vain upon misdirected attempts. We might have found ourselves with an artillery equipped with an useless gun, and an army deprived of nearly half its *material*. This was no mere experiment on a small scale. Had it failed, a shock would have been given to public confidence, and all similar inventions would have been viewed with profound distrust. It would have been long before the country could have been induced to commit itself to any new system of rifled artillery. The responsibility of adopting the Armstrong gun was indeed great, but success has justified the boldness of the venture. We cordially congratulate the inventor on the result of this great experiment; and the country may well be proud of being able to call to its aid the inventive resources of two such men as Sir W. Armstrong and Mr. Whitworth.

THE ROAD MURDER.

THERE are two sources of the public interest which is felt in the discovery of the perpetrator of the Road child-murder. That they run into each other is only what is unavoidable; but they are really separate. On the one hand, is the natural horror and indignation at a revolting crime, and the appeal of outraged humanity to a superior influence to descend and to vindicate the cause of eternal justice. But parallel with this lofty demand for vengeance lower feelings are at work. Many look at the difficulties and obscurities of the case only as a curious problem—a moral enigma which seems to be propounded chiefly to baffle and stimulate ingenuity in piecing together scattered hints. In the one case, it is justice that is sought to be vindicated—in the other, it is commonplace curiosity that is to be satisfied. And—which is only natural in this as in all other matters of human inquiry—there are two methods of proof resorted to, which, for want of a less pedantic formula, we may state as the *à priori* and *à posteriori* search for truth. To start with an hypothesis of the murderer, and then to view all the little facts of the case under a bias—to force, and to wrest, and to ease every circumstance to serve a preconceived theory—is one way of conducting an inquiry. Patiently and without prejudice merely taking the facts, and assigning to nothing more or less of antecedent gravity, and not anticipating consequences or results from this or that fact, is another. Mr. Saunders and his extra-judicial colloquies represent the one class of interest; and we hope that the authoritative and new investigation which is said to be promised will bring out the other mode of inquiry.

The history of science may read a lesson to the students of criminal evidence. As long as large and showy theories preceded the investigation of facts, the facts were either distorted or unknown, or were invested with undue prominence and weight. The facts were, indeed, no facts when merely intimated under the influence of a theory which was perhaps all along a fallacy and a delusion. It was only by a slow and laborious induction that the relative value of facts in natural science was discovered, and the general law was the result of a rigid, impartial, and unimpassioned registration of phenomena. If the Road murder is to be discovered, it will be by discarding antecedent guesses, and by a severe Baconian process.

The vice of detectives and of the police system generally is in assuming somebody's guilt. The police hastily assumed Miss Constance Kent's guilt, and the case broke down. The charge against the nurse was grounded on most insufficient evidence, and it failed. The general feeling—for not only has it been referred to in print, but nobody can affect to ignore its existence—against Mr. Kent rests upon absolutely no evidence whatever. Antecedent probability fails every way. It is most unlikely that a father should murder his infant child; most unlikely that the nurse should murder the child; most unlikely that any brother or sister should commit the crime; most unlikely that a stranger should conceal himself in the house for the purpose; most unlikely that the murder should have been committed by any other than an inmate. Not that any one of these things is impossible, but the probability of each is confronted by an equal or superior improbability against it. There is no antecedent probability in any direction sufficiently strong to start with, for there is not one that has the slightest foundation in evidence. The inquiry, if it is to be dignified with that name, which the enthusiastic Mr. Saunders is conducting, or misconducting, at the present moment, is an instance of the vicious process on which we have observed. This gentleman's proceedings are remarkable as showing the latent powers of mischief and folly which are lodged in magistrates. Ill-defined and generally exercised with a wise distrust of their own capacity, the power of the local magistrates seldom travels beyond the province of recording the clerk's law; but if Mr. Saunders is to be a precedent, the powers of the unpaid magistrates must be defined. To be sure, Mr. Saunders' court of inquiry, neither in intelligence nor in authority, ranges beyond a session held in the village taproom. Nobody is bound, and few seem to be inclined, to answer his irrelevant questions or to attend to his irresponsible summons. But being a lawyer by profession, and a magistrate, he gossips with a show of authority that is mischievous. And although it may be impossible to stop his assumption of responsibility, yet a wise step will be taken in the institution of authoritative proceedings, which must have at least the effect of flogging Mr. Saunders, and the like of him, off the cold scent which they are disposed to hunt. In the mean time, the Saunders talk will serve as a beacon in this formal investigation; for it will have reduced to its right value in insignificance much of the floating talk on the subject. What Mr. Saunders has done—and only one in his position could have done it—is to bring out the irrelevant gossip and suspicion of the Wiltshire cronies on the subject. He has shown us what prejudice, ignorance, and an utter inability to weigh and appreciate evidence can do. Nothing can go beyond the futility and impertinence of his investigations and discoveries, and he has thus pointed out the track which official inquiry must not pursue. Had it not been for Mr. Saunders, perhaps the next inquiry might have substantiated some such impotent and barren evidence as that gentleman has produced. We make every allowance for his good intentions, which are shared with all the gossips in the country; but as the prevalent impression was that good evidence was forthcoming, it is as well that we know the insignificant and worthless character of the suppressed circumstances about which so many vague hints and dark surmises have been hazarded. And it is well that all this comes out under unauthoritative auspices; for as we cannot forget that the evidence for the prosecution in the Stepney murder was overlaid with so much irrelevant matter that the murderer found his only chance of escape in the superfluity of accumulated inconclusive evidence, it was possible that the Road murder might be obscured by the same process. Mr. Saunders will have done some good in another direction. We shall have reason to place more confidence in the English method of investigation in criminal cases by observing the failure of the French method, which, in point of fact, was Mr. Saunders'. He, like a French *procureur*, gave free range to all the village ignorance, and village prejudice, and village inability to give evidence at all. The result is a failure which, under other circumstances and on any other subject-matter, would be simply ludicrous. The Bradford magistrates will at least know what not to ask, now that the Bath solicitor and the London conveyancer have failed so egregiously.

The worst consequence of these repeated and futile inquiries will be in impairing the character of any evidence which may yet be forthcoming. Annoyed at the failure of the evidence they have already given, the witnesses will be under the temptation of embellishing and adding to what they have already said. The memory will be too ready to answer to the demand; and the subject of people's constant thoughts will present itself as fact. And more than this disability will attend any evidence which

can now be produced. Without any sinister purpose, the best-intentioned and most sincere witness will be detected in some stumbling and inconsistency. It is almost impossible, with the lapse of time, and under fading recollection of little trivial facts, to preserve accuracy in details; and the oftener anybody tells a tale which is, in the main, undoubtedly true, the more certain he is to vary the circumstances. Unconscious colouring will arise from the uncertainty of the bearing of particulars, and a witness will be discredited by the detection of inconsistency with former statements. A moral bias will be suggested; concealment or prejudice will be charged when, after all, it is only the mental powers which are in fault. Every day—especially when every day adds to the accumulated and growing rumours, hints, and innuendoes—will render every witness, in spite of himself, less trustworthy and less reliable; and the more the facts are overlaid with talk and investigation and unprofitable handling, the more they will recede from the legal grasp. It was a weakness—though an amiable one—in Sir John Audrey and his colleagues to permit Mr. Saunders to have his full swing. But now that he has had his say and talked his talk, we trust that the coming inquiry will be conducted on the severest rules of judicial and responsible evidence, and by those who, from temper and habit, will give way neither to passion nor prejudice. If the mystery shall prove to be inscrutable, much of its final obscurity will be owing to the unfortunate means which have been adopted to disperse it.

REVIEWS.

MONTALEMBERT ON WESTERN MONACHISM.*

THIS book is an historical defence, by a devoted but not fanatical admirer, and a man of genius, of the great Religious Orders. Those orders are, to its author's mind, not only the glory of the past, but the hope of the future:—

By the side of this retrospective interest, there is more than one interest of a contemporary kind. Everywhere proscribed or dishonoured in the Eighteenth century, the Religious Orders everywhere rose again in the Nineteenth. Our age will have seen at once their burial and their new birth. While their last remains are being extirpated in one place, they are rising again in another. Wherever the Catholic religion is not the object of an open persecution, as in Sweden, wherever it has been able to win its part of modern liberty, they reappear of themselves. In vain are they despoiled and proscribed; everywhere they have been seen to return, sometimes under new forms and names, but always with their ancient spirit. They neither reclaim nor regret any part of their ancient grandeur. They are content to live, to preach by words and by example, without wealth, without credit, without legal existence, but not without power or without trials of it; not without friends, and by no means without enemies.

The words "persecution" and "liberty" are frequently in M. de Montalembert's mouth. They recall ideas not altogether honourable or auspicious to his cause. But let that pass here. We may have more to say on the point when he comes, in a subsequent volume, to treat of the Dominicans.

In forming a philosophic estimate of monasticism, its historic services, and its present prospect of vitality, we ought, it appears to us, carefully to distinguish between monasticism as a mode of religious life, and the monastic institutions as forms into which the evangelizing and civilizing spirit of Christianity threw itself in order to contend with the torrent of heathenism and barbarism which poured upon the Christian world at the fall of the Roman Empire. We venture to think M. de Montalembert does not dwell quite enough on this distinction. He takes Eastern monasticism, which was merely the retired and contemplative form of the religious life, to have been the immediate parent of Western monachism, which was an ecclesiastical, social, and even political institution of the most active kind—an institution the beneficent activity of which in its day his own book brings out with greater breadth and clearness than it had ever been brought out before. There is very little in common between Simeon Stylites and St. Bernard. M. de Montalembert's historical defence of Western monachism as an active institution is undoubtedly very strong; but it is valid only for a certain period of history, and it rather leads to the conclusion that the institution was called forth by temporary exigencies, and was itself of a temporary character, than that it is as universal and eternal as the spiritual life itself.

M. de Montalembert's justification of monachism as a mode of religious life lies, we apprehend, in the following passage:—

Without doubt there exists in the depths of human nature an instinctive tendency, however confused and transient, towards retreat and solitude. Its manifestations recur in all epochs of history, in all religions, in all societies, except, perhaps, among savage tribes, or in the midst of those corrupt civilizations whose excess and refinement too often bring back humanity to the savage state. Who, unless completely depraved by vice, or weighed down by age or cupidity, has not felt once or twice before his death the charm of solitude? Who has not felt the ardent desire of a lasting and regular repose, in which wisdom and virtue might supply an unfulfilling aliment to the life of the mind and the heart, to science and to love? Where is the Christian soul, however enchained by the bonds of sin, however defiled by the contact of earthly business, which has not sometimes sighed for the charm and repose of the religious life, and scented from afar the perfume exhaled by one of those sweet and secret retreats inhabited by virtue and devotion, and consecrated to meditation on eternity? Who has not dreamed of a future when he might, for one day at least, say of himself with the prophet, "adebit soliti-

* *Les Moines d'Occident depuis Saint Benoît jusqu'à Saint Bernard*. Par Le Comte de Montalembert, l'un des Quarante de l'Académie Française. Tomes I. II. Paris. London: Jelfs. 1860.

tarius et tacebit?" Who has not perceived that it was necessary to reserve at least some corner of the world beyond the reach of the revolutions, the agitations, the covetousness of ordinary life, wherein to unite the concert of human adoration and gratitude to all those voices of nature, to all those choirs of Creation which bless and venerate the Creator?

M. de Montalembert then shows that to prevent this inclination for solitude from degenerating into a mental infirmity, it is necessary to place it under a rule—in other words, to institute a monastic order.

Every one, we think, will perceive that this view of the origin of monasticism is to a great extent a modern refinement. It is a justification of anchoritism, not an account of it. The monks of the Thebaid were far too coarse for such sentiments. Their idea was a simple one—to merit heaven, and perhaps the honours of a saint, by flying from the world, its pleasures, and its duties, by shutting up all the avenues of sense, by that frantic self-mortification of which the pillar of Simeon is the hackneyed type, and the connexion of which with Oriental Fakirism it is idle to ignore. The solitaries of Mesopotamia called the *Boorkoi* lived like savages, with no other food than the herbs from the mountain side, which they went out to cut every morning, and eat unboiled. Would these ascetics have described their motive for flying their kind, and subsisting like beasts, in the eloquent language of M. de Montalembert? Would they not rather have said that they were meriting heaven by making earth the worst of hells? St. Macarius of Alexandria lived six months in a marsh, exposing his naked body to insects with stings sharp enough to pierce the hide of a boar. Was it the desire for a retired life of "science and love" that induced him to undergo this, or the hope of scaling heaven by self-torture? Rude times have rude ideas. But granting M. de Montalembert's account of monasticism to be the true one, does it not prove monasticism to be an irrational institution? Because every man with a heart and a brain feels the need and the benefit of occasional retreat, is he therefore to bury himself for life? Are all the best men in the world, who are certain to know the uses of solitude best, to withdraw themselves from the service of their fellow men?

Nothing, in the marvellous history of these solitaries of Egypt, is more incredible than their number. Yet the weightiest authorities agree in establishing it. It was a sort of emigration from the cities to the desert, from civilization to simplicity, from noise to silence, from corruption to innocence. When once the current had set in, streams of men, women, children threw themselves into it, and flowed in it for a century with irresistible force. Let us cite some figures. Pacomius, who died at fifty-six, counts three thousand monks under his rule: his monasteries of Tabenna soon enclosed seven thousand, and St. Jerome affirms that he saw as many as fifty thousand at the annual meeting of the general congregation of the monasteries which followed his rule.

The towns themselves were full of monks and nuns, as well as the deserts. In the town of Oxyrynchus on the Nile alone, a traveller found ten thousand monks and twenty thousand virgins dedicated to God. Supposing these men and women to have been the best of their age, this was simply taking away all the salt from the earth. The truth is, a great and terrible dissolution of society was going on, and it was as much from misery and despair as from luxury and temptation that these recluses fled.

When M. de Montalembert comes to rehearse the multitude of cities in the West which bear the names of monastic saints or grew round monasteries, he has passed into a very different historic sphere. Western Monachism was a practical thing. "A monk is a Christian who places himself apart from the world in order to strive more surely for his eternal salvation." This definition is not an adequate one for the monks who converted the barbarians, and who by their various and beneficent activity, not only for the salvation of their own souls, but for the good of those around them, became the great civilizers—and we may almost say the organizers—of the new and better Europe which arose from the ruins of the Roman Empire. This beneficent activity of the monks continued through the period comprehended in M. de Montalembert's first two volumes, which reach down to the confluence of the institution of St. Colomba and his followers with that of St. Benedict. He has, therefore, hitherto been occupied with the easiest and pleasantest part of his task. He knows that a less easy and pleasant part of it lies before him. In his introduction he lays his ground beforehand for dealing with the decadence of monasticism by pointing out what he thinks its adequate causes. One of these is the abuse of royal patronage by conferring the abbey in *commendam* on non-residents and unworthy men, which prevailed so extensively under the absolute monarchies of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. No doubt this consummated the ruin of the Orders; but it was an abuse which, we venture to think, could scarcely have arisen had it not been invited by a great previous decay and loss of character in the institutions so abused. The question then arises why the Popes did not interpose and reform the monasteries, or even withhold their sanction from the abuse:—

But how explain the fact that, among so many and such holy Popes, not one was found to refuse bulls which delivered the honour and the possessions of the most famous monasteries into lands notoriously unworthy, such as Bussy d'Amboise and the Abbé Dubois? How explain the fact that they all left this festering sore to grow inveterate, and gangrene till the day of irremediable ruin?

To this formidable question there is, nevertheless, an answer—it is that the reform of the Religious Orders is no more in the power of the Church than their foundation. The Church has never directly founded a religious order. The fact is incontestable. To found a religious order there must be men specially raised up and destined by God to that work—men like Benedict, Francis, Dominic, Ignatius. These men the Church approves and en-

courages, but she does not create them by an act of authority. Could it be otherwise with reform, which is perhaps still more difficult than foundation?

Men then were needed. These men were not forthcoming. God did not give them—the Church could not create them. There were some from time to time, but not enough for a grand, general, and final reform. That is the reason why the religious orders were not reformed.

Benedict, Francis, Dominic, and Ignatius were not merely men acting on their own religious impulses—they were representatives each of a certain historic crisis. Benedict represented the struggle of Christianity and civilization with heathenism and barbarism; Francis and Dominic, the struggle of the Roman See and its faith with the intellect and heresies of the Middle Ages; Ignatius, the struggle of the Papacy with the Reformation. The man in each case founded the order, but the crisis produced the man. Each time the cause in which the new order was to fight became less pure, and the order itself less noble in proportion. Between Benedict and Loyola there is the difference which separates an angel of light from one of twilight at least, if not of darkness.

As to the miraculous part of the monkish legends, M. de Montalembert professes "a simple faith in the supernatural;" but he makes very large concessions to the critical exigencies of modern times. Scarcely a single monastic miracle stands clearly and frankly as a miracle in his pages. It is amusing to compare the air of legend and poetry thrown over these parts of the history in the text with the simple credulity of the monkish historian whose text is sometimes quoted in the notes. For instance, in the legend of Hilarius and Quicta—the pious husband and wife whose dead bodies were said to have embraced each other when the wife was laid by her husband's side in the tomb—the language of Gregory of Tours is:—"Subito elevata vir dextra conjugis cervicem amplectitur. Quod admirans populus . . . cognovit quæ . . . inter ipsos dilectio fuit in sæculo, qui se ita amplexi sunt in sepulchro." M. de Montalembert's version is:—"Lorsqu'on enleva le couvercle du sépulchre pour y descendre le corps de la veuve, les spectateurs s'écrièrent qu'ils voyaient le mari étendre la main pour enlacer le cou de sa femme, et tous se retirèrent transportés d'admiration par ce miracle d'une tendresse conjugale qui se perpétuait jusque dans la tombe." The *s'écrièrent* converts the miracle of Gregory of Tours into the poetry of the nineteenth century.

As this book is written by M. de Montalembert, we need not say that it is eloquent, or that it is full of high sympathy for all that is pure and noble, and high antipathy for all that is foul and base. Let us be permitted, however, to say that, had his Church been animated with his love of liberty and his hatred of absolutism and persecution, she would not have fallen as she has fallen now. Her best hope of not falling lower is that she still retains the allegiance of such hearts as his.

FAITHFUL FOR EVER.*

MR. PATMORE is one of the three or four original poets of the present day. In his earlier works he showed, like all young writers, frequent traces of deliberate or unconscious imitation; and even in the *Angel in the House*, although the composition was on the whole singularly characteristic and new, severe critics thought that they discerned some admixture of a foreign element. In *Faithful for Ever*, which is a continuation or episode of the same story, Mr. Patmore entirely dispenses with the aid of models, having gradually formed a style and method of his own. The careful moral analysis of his former poems has developed itself into an extraordinary psychological acuteness, which is suitably represented by the quaint accuracy of unexpected and graceful illustrations. Practice and study have removed much of the obscurity which, in the *Angel in the House*, indicated an incomplete mastery of language, as well as a pregnant condensation of matter. The thoughts, even when they are still recondite, now seldom degenerate into riddles, and in many instances they are presented with a felicitous ingenuity of expression. Only young and inexperienced readers are conciliated by gratuitous demands on their own sagacity. It is the glory of the poet, as of the king in the Book of Proverbs and in Lord Bacon, not to conceal, but to discover the matter—or, in other words, to substitute the intelligent contemplation of a work of art for the laborious idleness of deciphering an enigma. Mr. Patmore's phrases are still sometimes deficient in perspicuity, but, if he continues to cultivate his faculty of minute and fanciful observation, he will probably hereafter attain an equally remarkable skill in expressing his meaning, and his style is already perfectly transparent when he contents himself with simple narrative or with comparatively obvious reflections.

The peculiar test which distinguishes the poet from the essayist is to be found in the command of metre. The genuineness, if not the range, of Mr. Patmore's inspiration is proved by the original effect which he has produced on the humble instrument of the common octosyllabic rhyme, *Difficile est proprie communia dicere*, and it is harder to individualize and earmark the easiest of English measures than even to appropriate the commonplaces of sentiment and thought. Scott, Moore, and Byron, for the most part failed in extracting more than a convenient jingle from the thin oaten pipe which Mr. Patmore has contrived to render significant and sometimes musical. Habitual fulness of matter in some degree supplies the want of

* *Faithful for Ever*. By Coventry Patmore. London: John W. Parker and Son. 1860.

compass which belongs to a low form of metrical development. Sententious and fanciful thoughts produce a variety of rhythm by their intrinsic incompatibility with the monotonous amble of eight syllables. Mr. Patmore would, perhaps, be more surprised than flattered by a comparison with one of the least melodious writers of English verse; but his metre occasionally recalls the more graceful cadences which not unfrequently diversify the wilful doggerel of *Hudibras*. Butler's fertility and abundance of meaning produces, in this respect, the same result with Mr. Patmore's minute subtlety of observation, and in both cases a rapid perception of remote analogies gives opportunity for striking verbal contrasts. The pertinacious wit of *Hudibras*, and the imaginative sentiment of *Faithful for Ever*, have nothing further in common. The faults as well as the merits of the poem are widely remote from the peculiarities of prose. In a more ambitious metre Mr. Patmore may probably hereafter display a genuine faculty for the production of rhythmical melody; but in dealing with certain sounds he seems to labour under some special deprivation as arbitrary as colour-blindness. Any friend in the full enjoyment of his physical senses could have told him that *self* can by no possibility be made to rhyme with *gulf*, nor *more* with *sure*.

A more serious and more wilful drawback to the beauty of the poem is to be found in the deliberate introduction of colloquial trivialities and of commonplace details. A dramatic purpose furnishes no sufficient excuse for the introduction of subjects which are incapable of poetical treatment. A complete photograph of life includes many images which an artist ought indignantly to reject; and some representations, although they might be permitted to writers of prose, are wholly intolerable in verse. Shakspeare himself confers on his Dogberries, and even on his Aguecheeks, a kind of reflex originality and an objective humour through the elaborate ingenuity of their blunders, and he steadily restricts them to the use of prose. In the rare instances in which he makes use of trivial verses for the sake of comic effect, he confines the joke within the limits of one or two couplets. It may perhaps be urged in apology for the pedestrian portions of *Faithful for Ever*, that the poem is partly intended to illustrate the progress from vulgarity to refinement. A dull and underbred girl is supposed to educate herself into an attractive woman by means of her single-minded affection for a husband of higher intellect and culture. The experiment may occasionally have succeeded in real life, and it is at least probable enough for fiction, but the exhibition of feminine vulgarity which illustrates or measures the subsequent transformation is far too real and natural to be endured in a poem. If a detestable letter addressed by the bride to her mother-in-law was really indispensable to Mr. Patmore's purpose, it would have been desirable to alter the entire composition of his story. An error of system, though it may be fatal to immediate success, is more easily remedied than a defective execution. A true poet, as soon as he has changed his opinion, will at once cease to encumber his pages with conscious and intentional doggerel.

In the analysis of sentiment, Mr. Patmore is as curiously astute as the most subtle of French novelists; and instead of studying the morbid pathology of illicit anomalies, he pursues his researches in the opposite direction, where natural feeling conforms itself, without becoming dwarfed or stunted, to the broad rules of conscience and morality. Readers of the *Angel in the House* may remember a transient sailor cousin who, on the eve of the declaration, varies by a passing cloud of jealousy the quiet felicity of the lovers. The disappointed admirer is the hero of *Faithful for Ever*, and he appears to have understood the lady's looks better than his happy rival. "Thus," he says—

Thus, when he took her hand to-night,
Her lovely gravity of light
Was scattered into many smiles
And flattering weakness. Hope beguiles
No more my heart, dear Mother. He
By jealous looks o'er-honoured me.

The rest of the story, as far as it is external, records his grief, his precipitate determination to find refuge in an inferior marriage, the attachment which he gradually forms to his wife, and her elevation in character and bearing. The old-fashioned machinery of letters furnishes an opportunity for the record of minute details of feeling. The confidential relations of the principal correspondents are scarcely those which would naturally exist between the most sympathetic of mothers and the most communicative of sons. It would perhaps have been better to provide the hopeless lover and half-satisfied husband with a congenial sister; and on the whole it must be admitted that all unreserved confession is more or less unmanly. Revelations of the secret niceties of feeling are most suitably presented in the impersonal narrative of the poet himself. Dramatic colloquies, whether written or oral, ought to represent what would be said rather than what might be thought; yet it is almost hypercritical to examine too closely the accidental conditions and appendages of a history which is essentially psychological. The delicacy of Mr. Patmore's observation, and his tendency to imaginative reflection, are characteristically illustrated in a passage which records the instinctive reserve and scruple of a boyish passion:—

O, bright, apocalyptic sky
O'erarching childhood! Far and nigh
Mystery and obscurity none,
Yet nowhere any moon or sun!
What reason for these sighs? What hope,
Daunting with its audacious scope

The disconcerted heart, affects
These ceremonies and respects?
Why stratagems in every thing?
Why, why not kiss her in the ring?
'Tis nothing strange that warriors bold,
Whose fierce, forecasting eyes behold
The city they desire to sack,
Humbly begin their proud attack
By delving ditches two miles off,
Aware how the fair place would scoff
At hasty wooing; but, O child,
Why thus approach thy playmate mild!

The comparison between the approaches of courtship and engineering parallels, though not drawn for the first time, is made original by the quaintness and prettiness of the application. The line about the ditches suggests recollections of *Hudibras*, and the opening figure of a luminous sky in which there is no special centre of light belongs to a higher order of poetry. A somewhat similar thought finds another suitable image in the first description of Honoria, who is the faultless heroine both of the *Angel in the House* and of *Faithful for Ever* :—

The brightest and the chastest brow
Rules o'er a cheek which seems to show
That love, as a mere vague suspense
Of apprehensive innocence,
Perturbs her heart; love without aim
Or object, like the holy flame
That in the Vestals' Temple glowed
Without the image of a god.

The mother, who is naturally less enthusiastic than her son in idolatry of beauty, shares to the full his faculty of illustrating subtle theories which suit the immediate argument. The proposition that unsuccessful love is preferable to the risk of satiety is scarcely equivalent to the refined doctrine that the attainment of the object of desire would have caused disappointment through experience of the finite possibilities of appreciation. The disquisition, though it may have afforded little consolation to the rejected suitor, is well worthy of attention from the dispassionate student of life and of human nature :—

I blame not beauty. It beguiles
With lovely motions and sweet smiles
Which while they please us pass away,
The spirit to lofty thoughts that stay,
And lift the whole of after life,
Unless you take the thing to wife,
Which then seems nought, or serves to slake
Desire, as when a lovely lake
Far off scarce fills the exulting eye
Of one athirst, who comes thereby
And inappreciably sips
The deep with disappointed lips.

A more natural or more simple defiance of irrelevant consolation follows on the first discovery that the pursuit of Honoria is absolutely hopeless :—

Grief is now the cloak,
I fold about me to prevent
The deadly chill of a content
With any near or distant good,
Except the exact beatitude
Which love has shown to my desire,
You'll point to other joys and higher,
I hate and disavow all bliss,
As none for me, which is not this.

Mr. Patmore, as far as his own views may be inferred from the language of his characters, seems to find a laudable pleasure in the rejection of fallacious commonplaces. He even ventures to suggest, if only in irresponsible dramatic form, that wealth, prosperity, and high social position, are to be preferred in themselves to the most irreproachable poverty and obscurity. Honoria, having become the owner of a large fortune, and the mistress of a popular country-house, seems only the more beautiful and perfect to the admirer who had formerly been her lover :—

The power and pleasures of the world
Pay tribute; and her days are all
So high, pure, sweet, and practical,
She almost seems to have at home
What's promised of the life to come.
And fair, in fact, should be the few
God dowers with nothing else to do;
And liberal of their light, and free
To show themselves, that all may see.
For ams let poor men poorly give
The meat whereby men's bodies live;
But they of wealth are stewards wise,
Whose graces are their charities.

The effect of death in reviving affection, combined with regret, is a commoner theme, which may nevertheless be made novel or interesting by freshness and vigour of illustration :—

Yes, love requires the focal span
Of recollection or of hope,
Ere it can measure its own scope.
Too soon, too soon, comes Death to show
We love more deeply than we know.
The rain that fell upon the height,
Too gently to be called delight,
Within the dark vale reappears
As a wild cataract of tears;
And love in life should strive to see
Sometimes what love in death would be!
(Easier to love, we so should find
It is, than to be just and kind).

The image of the impalpable mist of affection, which afterwards collects itself into a torrent of grief, is so apposite, and at the same time so far-fetched, that it might be regarded as a conceit if it were not picturesque as well as ingenious. Even in Mr. Patmore's simplest appeal to common sympathies there is always an activity of thought which may interest the minds of those who are not readily accessible to the pathos of domestic life. The increase of attachment on the part of the husband when his wife becomes a mother is gracefully and justly described and explained:—

But when the new-made Mother smiled,
She seemed herself a little child,
Dwelling at large beyond the law
By which till then I judged and saw;
And that fond glow which she felt stir
For it, suffused my heart for her;
To whom, from the weak babe, and thence
To me, an influent innocence,
Happy, reparative of life,
Came, and she was indeed my wife.
As there, lovely with love, she lay,
Brightly contented all the day
To hug her little sleeping boy,
In the reciprocated joy
Of touch, the childish sense of love,
Ever inquisitive to prove
Its strange possession, and to know
If the eyes' report be really so.

It would not be for Mr. Patmore's interest that his place among contemporary poets should be determined at present. His thoughtful imagination may probably hereafter be brought into relief by a severer taste. He is already appreciated by competent judges of poetry; and he is popular among the more numerous class which delights in the reproduction of refined and tender sentiment. His moral judgments are so manly and wholesome, and his deference for vulgar prejudice is so limited, that he may probably outlive his paradoxical adoption of the theories which misled Wordsworth in his youth. The dignity of literature is compromised by the introduction into verse of details which are only tolerable in actual life because they cannot be avoided.

THE WIT AND WISDOM OF SYDNEY SMITH.*

COLLECTIONS of wit and wisdom are almost sure to do great injustice to the persons whom they are intended to honour. If a man is sufficiently eminent to furnish occasion for such a selection, he will, in all probability, have been sufficiently eminent to suit every part of what he had to say both to the occasion of saying it and to the other parts of the whole to which it belonged; so that extracts can hardly fail to give much too low a notion of that from which they are extracted. Collections of specimens of wit are open to another objection, which has to a great extent prevailed against the practice of making them. They must always be like a collection of plums picked out of a pudding. Wit can hardly be more than an ornament, and the beauty of an ornament is much more relative than positive. Jest-books are the dreariest of all forms of literature, or of what passes as such; and they are not only tiresome, but produce a sort of melancholy peculiar to themselves. They lead the reader to pity the man who had to make all those jokes; and when any particular bit of wit happens—as must often be the case—to have lost its brilliancy by lapse of time or changes of fashion, there is something indescribably dreary about its appearance, even if it is not impertinent. The process by which generations pass away and become strange and old-fashioned, deserves more notice than it attracts. To read a book written two or three centuries ago, especially if it is written on a subject of which the interest was occasional and transient, is almost like passing into another world. It is necessary, before you can realize the fact that the people described ever lived, and felt, and thought as similar people do at present, to translate their thoughts and language by modern equivalents. This difference, however, is reached, not at once, but by very slow degrees. First, the general tone of sentiment to which we are accustomed is dropped; then the familiar subjects are changed, and by slow degrees a change which is almost impossible to describe creeps over the language. The rhythm of the sentences sounds old-fashioned. Words which are familiar to us are used as if it were an act of audacity to use them. Phrases, jokes, and maxims which we have come to look upon as trivial commonplaces or vulgar errors shine out in all their freshness, and at last we find that we have got amongst a generation from which we differ in almost everything that strikes the attention. The earliest stage of this change has passed on the writings of Sydney Smith. The vein in which he writes has become very uncommon, and the principal topics on which he writes have become things of the past. On almost all the more considerable of the controversies in which he took part the nation has made up its mind, to all appearance irrevocably; and though the present collection has little other merit, it affords an opportunity of making one or two observations on the path which society has been traversing for the last thirty or forty years which may not be uninteresting.

The most obvious characteristics of that course are seen at a glance, and it has indeed become a sort of commonplace to count

them up. Forty years ago, people still lived under the old Poor-law, the old Game-law, and the Test and Corporation Acts. Ireland was so grievous a difficulty that Sydney Smith said, with apparent truth, that it would be better for us all if "skates and codfish swam across the fair land of Ulster." All these, and many other things of the same sort—the apprenticeships, the rotten boroughs, the laws against forestallers and regraters—have gone their way; and having nearly completed our negative reforms, we are drifting into a new sea of problems which certainly promise to be as extensive as, and more difficult than, those which taxed the energies of our fathers. Perhaps the best use to which we can put the well-worn commonplace which has just been quoted is to consider for a moment what sort of questions lie a little way ahead of us. For many years past we have all been asserting and re-asserting that we live in a "transition state"—that we are occupied in adjusting the institutions which belonged to one state of society to the wants of another, and that reform ought to be the great object of our efforts. A very little observation is enough to show that, after all, reform is a finite thing, and that, though we are not yet at the end of it, we have made considerable progress towards the end. When the question why we wanted a Reform Bill was last discussed, the only very definite and tangible evil that Mr. Bright and his friends were able to suggest was that the costs in bankruptcy proceedings were too high, and that, in consequence of this, a considerable part of the bankrupt's assets was usually wasted in winding up his affairs. The comparison between this grievance and the evils which Sydney Smith contended with for so many years is enough in itself to throw a most curious light on the road we have travelled. Let us suppose, for a moment, that by some miracle we had not only reformed the costs of the Courts of Bankruptcy, but that we had actually done all our reforming—that our house was thoroughly set in order, and that, the last snipe in the reformer's manor having fallen a victim to his suicidal accuracy of aim, the question presented itself as to what was to be done next. The question is one of those which, fortunately for mankind, answer themselves, and the answer in this case would, we imagine, be a very emphatic one. Institutions may be unobjectionable, and yet men may not be satisfied. Questions are almost sure to arise as to the objects for which societies exist, and as to the fundamental articles of belief which its individual members profess, which will be found to satisfy the most gluttonous temper for excitement and controversy. This generation has seen an outbreak of Socialism in France and the growth of a religious controversy in Germany, which, though for the time appeased—in the one case by main force, and in the other by a mixture of terror and torpor—have raised questions which are morally certain to agitate mankind until something like a solution of them has been attained. What special form such controversies will take in our own country it is as yet impossible to foresee; but that they will require a practical solution, sooner or later, must appear to all reflecting men absolutely certain.

If Sydney Smith's range of subjects suggests such thoughts as these, his style suggests others which are not without a relation to them. We do not think it would be just to say that the periodical writing of our own days is, on the whole, inferior to that of fifty years ago. It has grown in extent so enormously, that individual compositions attract less attention than they formerly did, and we labour under the immense disadvantage that periodical writing is sinking to the condition of a well-paid trade. Fifty years ago, it was an avenue to professional, political, and social distinction; and the most popular and most influential writers were men who had other pursuits in life, and independent means of livelihood. There are such writers in our own time, but their relative number and importance has diminished, and may be expected to diminish still further. Still, it would be an easy task to point out a considerable number of articles published in various reviews, magazines, and newspapers during the last ten years which might fairly sustain a comparison with any of the performances of the original Edinburgh Reviewers. Still, though this may be so, no one in the present day writes like Sydney Smith, and the want of will is quite as much a reason for not doing so as the want of power. The specific peculiarity of his writings, which distinguishes them from any others of the same sort with which we are acquainted, is the combination which they present of wit with strong common sense. Every one has remarked this, and the union has struck people's fancy so much that they have been a little apt to overrate the wisdom on account of the brilliancy of the wit. The truth about Sydney Smith is, that he was a hard-headed, sensible man of business, who had three times more courage and conscience than most of his contemporaries, and who proved his possession of those gifts by advocating unpopular truths for many years together, under circumstances and in times which deterred most men from opening their mouths or using their minds.

This, however, is all that is to be said of his intellectual powers. He was destitute of speculative ability, and never appears to have seen more than one side of any question. Perhaps one of his most characteristic and ablest performances was the celebrated Noodle's Oration. It is a most effective epitome of the way of thinking and talking which he disliked, but it does not seem to have occurred to him that a Liberal Noodle might have talked platitudes about progress and civilization quite as fluently as the Conservative Noodle talked about the wisdom of our ancestors and the distinction between liberty and license. Still

* *The Wit and Wisdom of the Rev. Sydney Smith.* A Selection of the most Memorable Passages in his Writings and Conversation.

less did he remember that a platitude is not of necessity a falsehood, and that there was a considerable degree of truth in everything said by each Noodle. For example, the Conservative Noodle says:—"If the measure is good, is this the time for carrying it into execution?" It is quite true that this is the stock excuse of corrupt jobbers to all improvements; but it is a perfectly valid excuse if it is made out, and requires a separate answer in each separate case. To use the language of special pleading, it is a good plea if you can only prove it. Suppose, for example, Mr. Bright were to take the opportunity of the landing of a French army in Kent to move for the introduction of an admirable Bill upon Bankruptcy, would not every man in the country quote the Noodle's Oration against him?

The combination of that hard-headed common sense which could pull to pieces ordinary sophistries with extremely delicate and brilliant wit is wonderfully acceptable to many minds, but it belonged rather to the last generation than to our own. Our generation is anything but a gay one, and though it has plenty of strong sense and plenty of playfulness, they are hardly ever allied. Almost all wit in the present day is plaintive. For a variety of reasons, which it would be both a difficult and a tedious task to explain, sentimentalism has in our day assumed much greater proportions than it ever did before, and most of the wit of the day is either associated with it or employed in cauterizing it. In the *bonâ fide* discussion of matters of business, wit is felt to be out of place where neither side is very absurd, and where each is really willing to listen to reason. There was a far better field for the display of wit when gross absurdities were the subjects of attack and defence than at present. An old wall returning two members to Parliament was in itself a sort of standing joke, but who could be witty upon the question as to what ought to constitute an act of bankruptcy? Sydney Smith used his wit so much and to such good purpose in attacking real absurdities, that he sometimes over-used it, and indeed he must bear the responsibility of having brought into fashion some of the tricks of style which are most common and most offensive in the present day. Sometimes he was not above making fun by very small artifices. In speaking of the apprenticeship laws, he says, "Woe to the cobbler who, having made Hessian boots for the alderman of Newcastle, should venture to invest with those coriaceous integuments the leg of a liege subject at York." That a man who might make boots at Newcastle should not be allowed to make them at York was no doubt absurd, but the absurdity is in no way brought out more clearly by describing the making of a pair of boots as investing a leg with coriaceous integuments. It is the true reporter style of writing, and having had its day is, we hope, at last beginning to go a little out of fashion amongst good writers. Another instance of the same vein of fun is to be found in a passage where Sydney Smith observes that women as they grow old are driven out of youthful fashions "by diameter and derision." Surely it would have been quite as amusing to say "by growing fat and being laughed at." The delight in the jingle of the two d's is very infantile.

These are only instances of the weak side of the wit of one of our greatest wits. His great strength appears to us to have lain in simple play of fancy—the perception of the inherent grotesqueness of particular occurrences. It is hard to select specimens which are not already trite from constant repetition. Perhaps the following is a little less well known than most others:—"The toucan has an enormous bill, makes a noise like a puppy dog, and lays his eggs in hollow trees. To what purpose is a bird placed in the woods of Cayenne with a bill a yard long, making a noise like a puppy dog, and laying eggs in hollow trees?" This, if it had been left alone, would have been a wonderfully grotesque question, and would have even had a certain air of mystery and profundity; but its author spoils it by going on to ask the same question in a thoroughly commonplace way about Bond Street loungers and foolish members of Parliament. Sydney Smith was too sensible and too kindly a man to be thoroughly witty; for that purpose it is necessary to see the whole of existence from a ludicrous and ironical point of view, and to feel a careless or even a malignant pleasure in exposing its absurdities. Swift, in our own country, and Heine, in our own generation, carried this temper nearly as far as it can be carried by a sane man.

A SEAMAN'S LIFE.*

THE death of Lord Dundonald will command for his own history of his life a deeper interest than would belong merely to the events which he narrates. He seems to have laboured at this work as necessary to the vindication of his career; and probably, if he had lived longer, he would have cared more about its reception by the public than about any other earthly subject. As we have said before, we do not consider this vindication necessary; but still, our respect for the author would ensure for it our careful consideration, and, besides, it would be difficult to dwell too often or too long upon one of the most magnificent exploits that grace the annals of the British navy.

It was originally intended that the second volume of this *Autobiography* should be the last. But it seems that personal

history has claimed the space which was originally destined to observations upon the present conditions of naval warfare and the various projects of national defence; and thus the opinions of Lord Dundonald upon these deeply important subjects were reserved for a third and final volume, which now, alas! can never see the light. We should hope, however, that portions of that volume may have been composed; and we think that, even in an imperfect state, their publication would be of national advantage. As the author himself says, in the volume now before us, his judgment of warlike matters had been fixed so surely by many sharp experiences, that it was not in danger of being shaken even by the load of years. To the ripeness of age he united the innovating tendency of youth; and no one probably would have ventured to ascribe to him an unreasonable attachment to the usages of a past generation. The restless activity of his mind might perhaps have been moderated by time, but it would never have sunk into torpidity. Unlike some other veterans, he would have approached the consideration of every new proposal with a disposition to find in it an improvement; and at the same time his long and wide experience would have armed him against the possibility of delusion. On public grounds, we regret that Lord Dundonald should have exhausted his failing energies in searching charts and log-books for the true history of the operations in Basque Roads. We should have preferred to receive from him suggestions of how future services might be performed. But still, here is his latest work; and we shall speak of it as if the author were still alive to read our words.

Availing himself of the permission granted by Sir John Pakington and renewed by the Duke of Somerset, Lord Dundonald searched at the Admiralty, and found four charts which had been produced at Lord Gambier's court-martial. Two of these charts were produced by Lord Dundonald and rejected, but have nevertheless been preserved at the Admiralty. The other two were produced in support of Lord Gambier's defence, and the Court appears to have relied upon them. The principal chart produced by Lord Dundonald was a printed one issued by the French Government for the guidance of its own navy, and generally found, at the date of the action in Basque Roads, on board of all French and also of all British ships of war. This chart was rejected because Lord Dundonald did not prove the accuracy of the measurements and soundings given in it. We may concede that this rejection was in accordance with those rules of evidence by which the English law sometimes renders the discovery of truth difficult. But no reasonable man can doubt that the French Government intended to make this chart accurate, and that, in fact, it was as accurate as it could be made. No officer on the court-martial would have hesitated to run, with due precaution, into Aix Roads in reliance on the soundings of this chart, and yet the Court collectively could not rest any conclusion on it. But, on the other hand, the two charts produced by Lord Gambier were supported by some evidence of persons who had prepared or adapted them for the occasion. It is true this evidence was slight and unsatisfactory, and that the witnesses had seen a little, heard much, and imagined more of that to which they deposed; but still it was the kind of evidence which an English court requires, and therefore the charts were admitted, and they have since been treated as authentic. Thus hydrography has suffered through the astuteness of Lord Gambier's advisers. A shoal which was by some means foisted into one of these charts, so as to make the proposed attack on the French ships appear more difficult, has been transferred from it to later English charts; and the French also have adopted and propagated the fiction, so that now-a-days this part of their coast is made to appear less accessible than it used to be.

The attack by fire-ships and explosion vessels under the direction of Lord Dundonald was made at night. It produced such a panic that all the French fleet, except two ships, cut their cables and drifted upon the shoals, where they were seen at daylight exposed almost defenceless to the attack of an active enemy. Lord Gambier was nine miles distant, and he formed his opinion against the expediency of an attack from the reports of others, who may be suspected of not desiring to enhance the credit due to Lord Dundonald for the success of his daring enterprise. The points upon which the volume now before us so earnestly insists are:—

1. There was a clear entrance channel two miles wide, without shoal or hindrance of any kind, by which the British fleet might have advanced to attack the grounded ships, while keeping out of point-blank range of the batteries on Ile d'Aix.

2. There was inside a spacious anchorage, where line-of-battle ships could not only have floated, but could have effectively operated against the enemy's fleet, even in its entire and undisturbed state before the nocturnal panic, wholly out of range of the before-mentioned batteries, or keeping the enemy's fleet between those batteries and themselves.

3. There was still further inside another anchorage, to which any British vessel disabled by the enemy's ships might have safely retired. Between these two anchorages there was no shoal nor any other danger whatever.

In the charts produced on behalf of Lord Gambier the entrance channel was narrowed from two miles to one, or one and a quarter, and shoals were represented where Lord Dundonald alleges there was a clear and safe anchorage. The

* *The Autobiography of a Seaman*. By Thomas, tenth Earl of Dundonald, G.C.B., Admiral of the Red, Rear-Admiral of the Fleet, &c. &c. Vol. II. London: Bentley. 1860.

correctness of Lord Dundonald's chart is supported by oral evidence given before the court-martial but disregarded; and assuming this chart to be correct, it follows that the attack which he desired to be made on the morning after the employment of the fire-ships was feasible. There was a group of one French three-decker and three two-deckers lying on the outer edge of one of the shoals towards the British fleet, and close to the deep water. For several hours these ships lay on the bilge, with their hulls exposed, so that even a gun-boat might have so effectively riddled them as to prevent their floating with the rising tide. But they were left undisturbed and allowed to haul off and run further in shore, where they again grounded in a safer position although still liable to attack. During these operations the wind blew from the north-west or directly into the road where the French fleet lay. With such a wind it was no doubt possible that the British ships might find themselves unable to work out with the ebb tide, but in that case they might have lain in safety at the innermost anchorage shown by Lord Dundonald. There was no land near enough for batteries to be erected to annoy them, and if every French vessel afloat and ashore had been employed against them, the British might have awaited the result with perfect confidence. It happened too that the wind shifted the next day, and blew directly out of the road. Before the age of steam it was necessary to trust sometimes to fortune, and in this, as in many other instances, bravery would have obtained, as it deserved, her favour. A little happy audacity in Lord Gambier would have caused his perseverance in the obvious plan which he first adopted, and then on second thoughts abandoned. He would have ordered all his two-decked ships, except the one or two largest of them, and all his frigates and smaller vessels, to run into the road as soon as ever the tide served. With the force at his command he could have silenced the batteries on Ile d'Aix, or he could, if he preferred it, have avoided them by keeping close to the other side of the entrance channel shown by Lord Dundonald. The only two French ships which were afloat would assuredly have suffered a revival of the panic of the night before, and would have run themselves aground as far from the British fleet as possible. The four grounded French ships which lay in the most exposed position would have been destroyed easily and immediately. Inside these four ships lay four others, which actually were destroyed later in the day by a partial and dilatory attack, which would not have been made at all if Lord Dundonald had not advanced alone in his frigate to assail these ships, and thus compelled the Admiral to support him. Thus eight ships would have been destroyed at once; and in the terror and confusion caused by these vigorous proceedings it is almost certain that the remaining seven French ships would have been set on fire and abandoned. Thus a single day would have beheld the annihilation of their whole fleet. And yet Lord Dundonald was compelled to see this splendid opportunity pass unimproved, in order that the Admiral might boast, as he did before the court-martial, that no ship which he commanded had been incapacitated from proceeding on any service which might have become necessary.

We shall be able to form a pretty correct notion of the disposition of the court which tried Lord Gambier if we observe that Lord Dundonald could have given, if he had been called upon, the same sort of evidence in support of the accuracy of his chart as was given by the Master of the Fleet in support of those put in by Lord Gambier. He could have given the same sort of evidence, and it would have been much more forcible, because he had really seen and knew every point in the locality in question; whereas the witness on the other side had seen and knew very little, and indeed he admitted that opportunity had been wanting to him to see more. This observation could not have escaped the practised mind of the Judge Advocate, who appeared at the court-martial, but that official understood very well for what purpose the inquiry had been set on foot. In fact, Lord Gambier was acquitted as Byng was shot—in order that the King's Government might continue to be carried on by the party which then held power. The French chart relied on by Lord Dundonald was supplied, as we have seen, for the information of every captain in the British fleet. From attentive study of this chart, and from his own keen observation, Lord Dundonald had discovered that it was easily possible to effect that which to cursory consideration appeared dangerous or utterly impracticable. Instead of being affected by any vague terror of shoals, currents, on-shore winds, and batteries, he looked deliberately into all the circumstances of the case, and applying to them his unrivalled skill and professional knowledge, he found a way to effect the desired object. He ascertained the exact strength of the batteries on Ile d'Aix, and also the distance at which the ships might keep from them as they passed along the channel leading from Basque to Aix Roads. It would be the greatest of all misapprehensions to ascribe the successes of Lord Dundonald on the coasts of France and Spain, and afterwards in South America, to uncalculating and merely fortunate audacity. Like other great men, he owed his eminence to the untiring industry with which he studied a congenial subject. Thus, under any circumstances, he might be trusted to find a resource in difficulty so as either to achieve success or at least to extricate his forces from disaster. Yet, after he had proved his vast capacity for naval war, by handing over a French fleet tied and bound, as it were, for inevitable destruction, he found his professional career obstructed by his obnoxious glory. He submitted to the Admiralty plans for assailing one French fleet in the

road of Toulon, and another squadron, which was especially the object of British jealousy, at Antwerp. The first proposal was for a time entertained; but the consequent necessity of appointing Lord Dundonald to a line-of-battle ship, and giving him the command of a small squadron, was so disagreeable, that the plan was laid aside; and during the remainder of the war a British fleet watched the French fleet in Toulon, according to the tedious method of previous years. Against Antwerp it was preferred to employ a fleet of thirty-five sail of the line and an army of forty thousand men, and to inscribe in the page of British history the melancholy name of Walcheren. We propose to speak on another occasion of the later and more gloomy years of Lord Dundonald's life. At present, we would rather think of him steering his explosion vessel on a dark and gusty April night towards the French fleet, at the risk every moment of annihilation, or advancing the next day with his single frigate to engage three line-of-battle ships, in order to compel the Admiral to incur, at least with part of his force, the risk of putting the country to some expense for damaged ships. The difference between the professional characters of Lord Dundonald and Lord Gambier cannot be better stated than in the words which Clarendon has applied to Blake:—

He despised those rules which had been long in practice, to keep his ship and men out of danger, which had been held in former times a point of great ability and circumspection; as if the principal art requisite in the captain of a ship had been to be sure to come home safe again.

The wrong which Lord Dundonald suffered may be lamented, but cannot be undone. But policy, no less than gratitude, demands that his countrymen should manifest in the most impressive and enduring manner their reverence for the hero who, after many marvellous exploits and strange escapes by land and sea, has now died peacefully and full of years at home.

HOPES AND FEARS.*

THE authoress of the *Heir of Redclyffe* has invented an art which is so very serviceable to her that she is to be congratulated on having devised such a great help to story-telling, but which will not, we hope, be widely imitated. She takes one or two families, and then tells all the fortunes, feelings, and faults of every member, from the earliest to the latest period. There is no plot at all in this delineation, except that which is supplied by the inevitable changes of family life; nor, apparently, would her books, independently of the warnings of her publishers, ever come to an end, were it not that, fortunately, when she has brought the fortunes of her numerous heroes and heroines down to the beginning of the year in which she is writing, time necessarily obliges her to stop. Speaking roughly, this book may be described as a ledger of all the inner feelings and of some of the outward actions of the Charleotte and Fulmort families between the years 1830 and 1859. It is true that the young ladies for whom the authoress primarily writes may take this very patiently, but the writer is capable of doing something more than pleasing young ladies, and older and sterner readers cannot honestly pretend to relish this substitution of a domestic ledger for a plot. The authoress herself complains in her new work that even young ladies are not quite what they were, and there are some of that easily-pleased class who cannot help, in the midst of all their enthusiasm, having a suspicion when a book is dull. A story two-thirds the length of this prodigious family record, and arranged on some method that answers the purposes of a plot, would be more effective among all kinds of readers. The only advantage which the authoress derives from the system she has adopted, except that of saving herself trouble, is the admiration she excites by the mere fact that a story written in such a way is readable. *Hopes and Fears* is much harder work than *Heartsease* or *Dynevor Terrace*, but still there is no one but its authoress who could have written it.

Substantially this book is like all its predecessors. It has the faults and the merits of the religious novel. The teaching is excellent, and the young people are made the vehicle of suggesting many commendable shades of feeling; but it betrays the weakness that attends all mixtures of doctrinal controversy and love-making, and it represents life in an aspect which is neither untrue nor uninteresting, but is so narrow as to give the impression of unreality. The religious novel is really a very weak controversial engine. The convertible character is like the imaginary atheist of the pulpit. It is a figure of straw stuffed out to look imposing, but obviously intended to be burnt. The triumphant controversialist invents the enemy he overcomes, and his triumph is therefore powerless except to people prepared to share it. In *Hopes and Fears* a Unitarian governess is converted, and the chief effect her conversion produces is an uneasy sensation at finding the doctrine of the Atonement discussed in a novel. It is also worth considering that writing controversial novels is a game that many sides can play at. It so happens that at present the writer of *Hopes and Fears* has no rival, unless the authoress of *Ivora* and *Ursula* is to be considered one. The Church has it all its own way; but it might very easily happen that the next clever female novelist was a Roman Catholic, and she might arrange her characters so as to make everything tell against the English Church.

* *Hopes and Fears*; or, *Scenes in the Life of a Spinster*. By the Author of the "*Heir of Redclyffe*." London: John W. Parker and Son. 1860.

Then, again, the religious novel is essentially narrow. It seems when we read it as if the only business and aim of life were to watch the characters of young people. These Charleottes and Fulmorts only exist to be improved. They go through many events, but the events are only noticed with reference to their effect on character. There is indeed a little allusion to business, for one of the heroes is a young distiller, and he is so far converted that he partially abandons circulating his gin in London, and makes his money by sending it abroad. But, with the exception of this curious instance of moral improvement, the whole batch have got nothing to do but to fall in love and talk about their own and each other's characters. They seem to care for nothing and to do nothing. Literature, art, politics, and science are a blank to them. The authoress appears every now and then to feel this, and she tries to introduce some connexion between her group of experimental moralists and the outer world; but her efforts are strangely unsuccessful. She goes so far as to get up a burglary and a trial, but she does it with so little interest and animation, and paints it with so little reality, that we are no more moved by the pistol-shooting of the burglar or the examination of the chief female witness than by the usual walks and talks of the two families. The authoress does not really care or know the least about burglars, and she shows that she feels she is only making a concession to the low but common wish for incident when she puts in her robbery. In the same way she introduces towards the end of the story a young backwoodsman from Canada, who is to make himself useful by marrying the most advanced of the improved young ladies, and we hope, when he appears, that at last we have got into a new line. Surely a young man who has been farming and surveying on the borders of Lake Superior must have something to say beyond describing his inner feelings. But this hope is disappointed. The young backwoodsman is as bad or good as any of them. He explains at once to the lady he is to marry how it brought out this quality and damped that to live in a swamp and lose a mare and save a cow, and then his business is done. He has a fine property bestowed on him by a distant relative, which he accepts "as a charge, not as a gift," and he and his young woman retire to domestic felicity and mutual introspection.

The authoress carries all this off with great dexterity, for she has much of that gift for novel writing which is rarely possessed, and which raises far above commonplace all that its possessor writes. The dialogue is always respectable, and there is an infusion of quiet fun which relieves many even of the heavier parts. There are also one or two new and interesting studies of character. One of the main subjects of the book is the attempt and failure of a maiden lady to educate and attach two orphan children. She is a most excellent person, and loves her wards devotedly; but the boy, though he is fond of her, breaks away from her discipline, and the girl is simply repelled by the mixture of obtrusive fondness and rigid discipline with which she is treated. The subject is a very good one. It is a most curious inquiry why the education of maiden aunts almost always fails. It seems as if no gain so great could befall a boy who has no parents to look after him as that he should be placed in the charge of a woman who will devote herself to his welfare, watch over his progress, and form his manners. And yet the wards of the best maiden ladies are proverbially among the worst and most disagreeable of boys. The children seem to suck in the most unpleasant qualities of the female character, and to travesty the good ones. They grow affected, whining, impertinent, and disrespectful, at the same time that they cling timidly to their protectress and echo the language in which she is accustomed to clothe her religious feelings. When they grow up the consequences are often much more fatal. Why this is so, and whether the usual errors of the spinster guardian can be remedied or provided against, would make a capital subject for a tale that was centred on the study of character, and it would have been interesting to see how the chief writer in this line dealt with the problem if she had but worked it out. It is impossible that the authoress of *Hopes and Fears* should not have something to tell us on any point of domestic life that engages her attention; and she brings out with considerable force the probability that the very excess of affection bestowed on the child by a person on whom the child has no natural claim for so much love may be injurious. But the authoress only approaches the subtler shades of character in the spinster that might tell on the child, to leave them undepicted. She represents her spinster as having a dreaminess mixed with a sternness of character, which alienates one at least of her wards by its unreality. Unfortunately, this, though often alluded to, is not worked out. It was, we may suppose, beyond the power of the authoress to do more than conceive a cast of character which would have required very high imagination to clothe with a definite shape. The dreaminess of the "hoping and fearing" spinster is only offered us as a fact. We do not trace it in her words or actions. It would probably have taken the authoress out of the very narrow range in which she confines herself had she attempted to show what this dreaminess was. She would have had to describe real practical life, in order to contrast dreaminess with it, whereas the whole life of inner feeling and the development of character is so nearly dreamy that extra dreaminess could only be introduced as a caricature. The drawing of the spinster's character is also over-clouded by a theory of "idols" which we do not quite understand. She is always being reproved and reproving

herself for making idols of her wards, and the bad consequences of her training are supposed in some way to flow from this idolatry. But she is also represented as teaching and training them to the best of her ability, making every present sacrifice to ensure their future welfare, and punctually discharging every collateral duty that is incumbent on her. The truth appears to be that the authoress saw that too great affection was one reason why the spinster guardian generally fails, and she knew that too great affection may be a cause of what the Bible calls idolatry; but when she came to work her story out, she forgot to connect the two reflections. She describes how the spinster's fussy affection was apt to be boring, but she does not describe how it in any way passed into idolatry. It would have introduced a complexity into the character, to manage which she felt practically unequal. So far as description goes, her characters are complex; but as presented in the working out of the story, they are very simple. This is the result of a want of imagination, and it is worth remarking that want of imagination is the intellectual characteristic which all this study of character in religious novels principally indicates. A writer of imagination gives a sketch that represents both the complexity of outward life and the complexity of individual character. The writer of religious novels cuts down life to the very narrowest limits, and considers how persons with one main characteristic will act on each other in a family circle.

The most conspicuous person in the story is the spinster's female ward, and she is by far the most successful of all the characters in the book. She is a study of the fast young lady of the present day. She flirts desperately, and outrages propriety, and writes the most flippant notes. She is charming, daring, and naughty, and makes every one fear, love, and obey her. At last she comes to grief, quarrels with her relations, goes out as governess, repents, and marries an elderly curate. This young lady deserves very considerable praise. When she is naughty she is not too naughty; and when she is good she is not too good. She is always a lady, always respects herself, and never does anything very wrong. But she makes all her friends miserable, and is always checking her own impulses to good. The authoress, as she tells us towards the end of the book, wishes to impress the lesson or record the opinion, that the character which possesses those qualities that lead a young woman to be fast is the least likely to carry goodness to a high pitch. So, when Lucilla's spirit is broken, and she asks forgiveness all round, and goes off to Spain with her curate, she does not get further than liking to be with an honest good man who is fond of her, and makes her anxious to do her duty by him, but does not tease her by straining towards too high a standard. Lucilla is the gem of the book. While she is fast she amuses us, and any little amusement in the posting up of the family record is very precious. After she has done with her fastness, her slow progress towards good, and the imperfection of her reformation, are pleasingly and truthfully drawn. It is one of the secrets of the authoress's success that she generally contrives to have one female character who cheers us a little as we plod along. Violet was the making of *Heartsease*, and the Camel-Leopard was the making of *Dynevor Terrace*.

There is one feature in *Hopes and Fears* which did not appear in the earlier writings of the authoress. The book is pervaded with a melancholy which the writer ascribes to her sense that the things believed in, and cared for, and loved in her youth are caviare to this generation. She feels that intellectually she is isolated. She has no successors, but only the dreariest and feeblest crowd of imitators; and the books that are most telling on the generation she addresses are of an entirely different kind from her own. No one, as she pathetically exclaims, except middle-aged old maids, thinks as she thinks. The generation to which, by inheritance, if not by standing, she belonged, "fed on Scott, Wordsworth, and Fouqué, took their theology from the *British Critic* and their taste from Pugin; the new generation is that of Kingsley, Tennyson, Ruskin, and the *Saturday Review*." "Chivalry," she goes on to tell us, "has given way to common sense;" and perhaps this may be true on the whole, although that common sense is not wholly victorious may be gathered from the remarkable disquisitions on political economy which one of these destroyers of chivalry contributes to the *Cornhill Magazine*. The authoress looks with a clear eye and a stout heart on the facts before her. She does not attempt to disguise from herself that the world has not gone as she wished. The phase of thought which coloured her mind is rapidly disappearing. She herself has changed with the current of the times. We can hardly help describing the change by saying that she has grown wiser, though this sounds like a patronizing insult. But still the impression of increased breadth of mind and largeness of view which her book leaves is too strong to pass unnoticed. She writes in a different way, thinks less of little things, and more of great things. She is on her guard against extravagances which she once admired, and rebukes follies which she once loved. We do not venture to praise a lady because her sincerity and her warmth of feeling have been rewarded by new powers of seeing and judging. Her praise and her reward are too much her own to admit the intrusion of anything more than a respectful recognition from others. But it is impossible wholly to abstain from noticing that she really has grown more able to sympathize with and therefore to influence the new generation, while she has retained her power to write what thousands of young people will like to read.

REMAINS OF RICHARD RUSH.*

IT is common to estimate the value of various forms of government according to the merits of the class of men whom they have a tendency to bring to the surface. In recent years, the test has often been applied to the disadvantage of England. The complaint is becoming constantly louder that second-rate and commonplace men are those who, under the prevailing system, become our rulers. We do not mean to assert that the test is altogether a fair one. There is a great deal to be said for the predominance of commonplace men. If it is essential that governors should feel a sympathy with the governed, it is obvious that that sympathy is more likely to be found in those who are on the same intellectual level as the average of mankind than in those who stand above it. Anyhow, whether this state of things be a good or a bad symptom, it is easy to see that the rising generation of statesmen are more likely to confirm than to change it. It is natural to look to the country which, from circumstances of race and language, on the whole bears the most analogy to our own, to see if the same process is going on there—which is the only ground on which the remains of Mr. Rush can claim to be interesting. The general impression is, that in this respect America is in a worse condition than England, and the literary achievements of Mr. Rush are not calculated to dissipate that belief. If he is to pass as a specimen, the disease of mediocrity is far more virulent on the other side of the Atlantic. Presidents—like Popes and heads of colleges—are, of course, as a general rule, inferior men, for the simple reason that they have made fewest enemies, and excite fewest fears. But the American diplomatists are usually supposed to be the pick of their public men, and Mr. Rush, having been accredited to the Courts of France and England, may be assumed to have been no bad sample of his profession. If so, the deterioration of American public men from the gigantic mental stature of the Revolutionary heroes must have been more rapid, as well as more complete, than any degeneracy we have to lament in England. The book is a collection of essays, diaries, and letters from the pen of Mr. Rush, published by his sons within three months after his death, which took place during the present year. It is a very dull and a very unprofitable book indeed. The style is inflated, and not always grammatical; the thoughts are washy and humdrum; and there is not even a trace of those powers of observation which are often to be found in minds where the reflective faculty is at its lowest. He lived in times, and was present at conjunctures in Europe, when an American Boswell, seeing things from an independent point of view, might have left to posterity an invaluable bequest. He was Minister in England during the last eight years of the Liverpool Administration—the epoch when the Eldon system of government was at its culmination, and quick observers might have discerned, without difficulty, the beginning of the end. He was again in London at the time of the death of King William—a moment when a reaction in an opposite direction was setting in with full force. He was Minister in France during a still more eventful period—the years 1847, 1848, 1849. And yet it would puzzle the most careful student to detect, in the records he has left of what he saw and thought on these occasions, a single fact of importance which was not known before, or a single original thought or novel reflection upon passing events.

Yet, in spite of this preternatural dullness, the book has an interest of its own. It is a study of natural history. It may not be very inviting, but it is curious. It gives us a glimpse into the future of the Anglo-Saxon race. It cannot be without interest to know what is the manner of men that is more and more monopolizing the government of the most powerful race in the world. The day of commonplace men is hastening fast to its meridian—and Mr. Rush was a typical commonplace man. He was just the sort of man who, theoretically, ought to have held office under a democratic Republic. Speculative politicians have often taken great pains to depict the kind of man whom it was antecedently probable that a democracy would tend to exalt. It is very seldom that these political predictions are worth anything. As a rule, they egregiously miscarry. The elements of human nature are far too numerous and subtle to make a calculation possible of the results which, in course of time, a nation will develop out of any given political institutions. But in this case the actual result coincides marvellously with the *a priori* reasoning. Mr. Rush answers as faithfully to the theory of what an American public man is likely to be, as one of Faraday's experiments to the lecture that has gone before it. A public man who exists by the favour of the democracy must be thoroughly free from all acute susceptibilities or sensitive refinement; otherwise he never will be able to go through the humiliations which his exacting and rough-natured patrons are in the habit of requiring. His sense of the ridiculous must be as blunt as a physician's sense of smell; otherwise his life will be a constant torment to him. It is essential to his comfort that he should have a good deal of solid, tough vanity, alive to compliments and the pleasures of popularity, not disconcerted by rebuffs, and not over-nice in the article of self-respect. It is not convenient that he should be addicted to close thought, or any but the most superficial style of reasoning; otherwise he will be unintelligible to his admirers.

In style he should have a leaning to fustian, which, like strong onions, has a pleasant piquancy for the popular taste. On the other hand, he must be patriotic, for it is the one quality which masses of men never lack; and, among Teutonic nations at least, a good private character, so far as the domestic relations of life are concerned, will help him very considerably.

As nearly as we can discover, this was precisely Mr. Rush's character, as it is unfolded by the volume before us. He arranged his papers for posthumous publication, so that everything they contain may be held to have received the approval of his mature judgment. Read in this light, they are a wonderful monument of the bluntness of his taste and his callousness to ridicule. Schoolboy themes, whose triteness of thought and turgidity of language would make even schoolboys dislike to confess the authorship, are given without wincing to the world, as specimens of composition deliberately selected from among a vast mass of papers. That we may not be guilty of any national partiality, we will select a sample particularly complimentary in its tone to England. He is describing Louis Napoleon's first diplomatic reception after his election to the Presidency:—

The Ambassador of England could not be missed. His presence was too memorable in the history it recalls, ever to be forgotten. He was the sole person in the group, as far as Europe was concerned, whose nation never bent the knee to Napoleon; the only one who from the beginning looked him steadfastly in the face undismayed, and saw through him under his mask; whose Parliament, whose unfettered press, spoke the truth out to nations trumpet-tongued, more resounding than his war bugles on their frontiers, or in their capitals; who shattered his marine to pieces, whenever it ventured out of port, by her naval thunders; drove him from the seas maddened and helpless, except in his cherished, yet ever fruitless vengeance, against the Power that thwarted his plans of dominion, and held cheap his threats of invasion, in the face of his boastful column at Boulogne—a Power that at one time fought against him single-handed, Russia in turn having given way, and fought with only the more vigour; who fought him to the last, and by her invincible resolution and perseverance, encouraged and aided others in going on with the fight, until at length Europe was roused to indignation under his stupendous wrongs; and down he came, amidst peans of universal joy, from the height gained by his remorseless sword—France, who had been mingling groans with his glory, joining largely in her shouts of gratitude at the general deliverance.

There was one other person in that group whose country never was in fear of him, but protested against his outrages from first to last—the Minister of the United States. He could readily contribute his congratulations where the object of them, reared, as he said, in the school of misfortune, had risen on the free and immense vote of the tenth of December; and who declared that peace was the dearest of his desires, and that he felt bound in honour to deliver over the government to his successor at the end of four years with the public liberty intact.

It is scarcely possible to conceive a grave ambassador in a momentous crisis sitting down to his diary, and writing such inimitable trash—and then, ten years later, deliberately setting the effusion apart for publication. We can hardly resist the temptation of believing that his editors inserted it in a fit of generous enthusiasm, in order to set off their father's style. It beats Barère's *Carmagnoles*, or Lord Malmesbury on "universal truths." Another distinguishing feature of the character we have described, which comes out very markedly in these pages, is the strong colouring of vanity, both personal and patriotic. In his diary, and in his letters to his wife, where his thoughts may be supposed to flow in their most natural language, compliments either to America or to himself are the only subject upon which he dwells with real complacency. In his narrative of his French Mission, crowded as the period was with events, this narrow range of interests is very striking. There are plenty of things that are "conspicuous by their absence," and for which a reader naturally looks. A man in a high position, resident in Paris, who kept a diary during the Year of Revolutions, ought to have something more to tell posterity than the bare outline of events that can be found in any almanack. There are many mysteries connected with that time which the memoirs and correspondence of those who acted in it must disclose to the future historian. The secret intrigues which produced the revolution of February, the risings of May and June, the temporary dictatorship of Cavaignac, the blind or guilty weakness of admitting a Bonaparte to compete for the Presidency, are matters on which those who were living in the midst of those events, and of the chief actors in them, must needs have much to tell. Of all this there is no vestige in the diary. But, as a set-off, every compliment to the author, every occasion on which he conceived himself to stand in an advantageous position, and every official laudation of America, from Louis Philippe, or Lamartine, or Louis Napoleon, are carefully and laboriously recorded. In fact, these are the only portions of his journal which the author might not have copied out of the newspapers. It is possible, of course, that this reticence is due not to ignorance or want of observation, but to more honourable motives. He may have shrunk from making revelations while those were still living whom they might wound or injure. If that be the true account of this book's peculiar insipidity, those who value the author's memory will regret his choice of executors. They have not only exposed his literary peculiarities to the world, but they have needlessly exaggerated his want of diplomatic intelligence and activity. To most men the necessity of eviscerating a book of all that could give it interest or value would have seemed sufficient reason for suppressing it altogether. We do not, in that case, complain of what has been omitted so much as of what has been said. We do not object to his holding back his corn, if he saw good reason so to do; but why should his executors present us with the chaff?

* Occasional Productions, Political, Diplomatic, and Miscellaneous. By the late Richard Rush. Edited by his Executors. Philadelphia: Lippincott. 1860.

PECOCK'S REPRESSOR.*

REGINALD PECOCK, Bishop of Chichester in the middle of the fifteenth century, was one of the most remarkable Englishmen of his age. He has the credit of being the author of the earliest philosophical treatise extant in the language; and he is claimed by his most recent biographer as a typical example of the moderation and common-sense which, as exhibited in the writings of the "judicious" Hooker, have been supposed to be peculiarly characteristic of the best school of English theologians. But his fate has been rather a hard one. Entering the lists of religious controversy as a champion of the Church and the hierarchy to which he belonged, against the Lollards and Wicliffites of that day, he was judged by his own side to have used weapons of a double edge, no less dangerous to his friends than to his foes. Accordingly, he was not only disavowed, but persecuted and obliged to recant, and condemned to end his days in enforced seclusion. Henry VI., in the statutes of King's College, Cambridge—still in force, unless the University Commissioners have rescinded them during the present year—even coupled him with his original opponent as joint heresiarchs. Every scholar on that foundation was obliged to swear "quod non favebit opinionibus, damnatis erroribus, aut hæresibus Johannis Wycklyffe, Reginaldi Peacocke, neque alicujus alterius hæretici, quamdiu vixerit in hoc mundo, sub pœna perjurii et expulsiōnis ipso facto." Of course, therefore, at the Reformation Peacock was reckoned by the winning side as a confessor for the truth, and Foxe sings his praises indiscriminately in his *Book of Martyrs*. At last, however, the pendulum has recovered its proper balance, and Mr. Churchill Babington enables us to understand without prejudice on either side the true opinions and real merits of this long-misjudged divine.

In an admirable Introduction prefixed to this edition of the *Repressor*, Mr. Babington gives a succinct life of the author, based upon a former biography by Lewis, but corrected and improved by much original research. It seems that Reginald Peacock was a Welshman, born somewhere near St. Asaph about 1395. He studied with great success at Oxford, and became Fellow of Oriel in 1417. His first patron was Humphrey Plantagenet, Duke of Gloucester, by whom, in 1431, he was promoted to the mastership of Whittington College in London, to which was attached the rectory of St. Michael in Riola. This College, by the way, was situated near the Three Cranes in the Vintry, and the dedication of the church, corrupted into St. Michael Royal, still survives in conjunction with St. Martin Vintry. Here, for thirteen years, Peacock laboured by his writings to convince the Lollards of their errors, until in 1444, by the influence of his patron, the Protector, he was consecrated to the See of St. Asaph. Hitherto there is no evidence of indiscretion on his part, but shortly after this we find him, in a sermon at Paul's Cross, undertaking the Quixotic defence of unpreaching and non-resident bishops. This was an ill-advised step, for his own practice, as an active preacher and controversialist, was inconsistent with his theory. But this was his peculiar weakness. Mr. Babington describes him "as having a special predilection for defending any established practice which admitted of a specious rather than a solid vindication." "Not," he adds, "that he was consciously dishonest; on the contrary, his integrity and sincerity are indubitable; but his natural disposition inclined him to take as conservative a view of affairs as possible, while his unbounded vanity continually led him to weave subtle and elegant arguments, weak and flimsy, indeed, as the threads of a spider, but which served admirably to bring out and to display his own acuteness and ingenuity." As might have been expected, this sermon brought down upon the rash preacher a host of enemies, foremost among whom was "Doctor Millington de Cantabrigia, egregie determinans contra R. Peacock." However, the Bishop, naturally enough, escaped official censure from his brethren of the episcopal order, who were supported, says Mr. Babington, significantly, "by some secular lords, who hated preaching."

Pecock's earlier works have mostly disappeared. His *Donet into Cristen Religions*—that is, Grammar (so called from the grammarian Donatus)—has never been published. But his *Repressor* is now printed for the first time from a manuscript in the University Library at Cambridge, collated with one in the Bodleian. This remarkable work, which was composed about 1449, is an elaborate defence of the clergy from the unjust aspersions of the "lay-party" or "Bible-men"—as he calls the Lollards. The points upon which Peacock vindicates the practice of the Church of his time, are six—viz., the use of images; pilgrimages; the holding of land by ecclesiastics; the orders of the ministry; the papal and episcopal authority; and the institution of religious orders. The arguments of the Lollards against these practices are first stated and then answered; so that we have here an authentic view of the religious controversy of the time which is of the highest historical interest and value. It must not be supposed that Peacock in this treatise is a thoroughgoing partisan of existing abuses. On the contrary, he clearly aims at temperate improvements in the Church as a means of avoiding more violent measures.

Mr. Babington has pointed out, with much skill, that the dis-

satisfaction with the existing state of religion in the fifteenth century was not confined to an extreme party such as that of the Lollards. If these were the precursors of the Puritans of the next age, there were more moderate theologians whose legitimate successors were the great men who impressed their character upon the reformed Church of England. Among these, and not among the more favoured objects of Foxe's hero-worship, ought Peacock to be reckoned. Of course his views were somewhat inconsistent. On the one hand, he argued for the extremest stretch of the Papal supremacy. On the other, he was the vehement advocate for reason against authority, and for the sufficiency of Scripture as the rule of faith. But here, again, he was as much opposed to the "narrow scripturalism," as Mr. Babington calls it, of the one side, as to the absolute dogmatism of the other. It is no small praise of Peacock's argumentative and literary powers, that Hallam has said of the introduction to the *Repressor*, that it "contains passages well worthy of Hooker, both for weight of matter and dignity of style." We quote the present editor's general character of the work:—

Yet, after every deduction has been made, his *Repressor* will ever be regarded as a masterly performance. Fulness of language, pliancy of expression, argumentative sagacity, extensive learning, and critical skill distinguish almost every chapter. His disquisition on the fabulousness of Constantine's donation, occasioned by an absurd argument of the Lollards in connexion with that donation, is, considering the age in which it appeared, a surprising piece of criticism. And, in palliation of some of Peacock's grossest errors, it may be observed that they arise partly from ignorance of the Greek language, which at that time was almost wholly unknown in this country, and partly from his being imposed upon, in common with his age, by spurious productions, such as those which have been fathered upon Dionysius the Areopagite. It is no exaggeration to affirm that Peacock's *Repressor* is the earliest piece of good philosophical disquisition of which our English prose literature can boast. As such, it possesses no small interest for the philologist and for the lover of letters generally.

To return to Peacock's history. In 1450 he was translated to the bishopric of Chichester. His first patron, the Duke of Gloucester, had already fallen, and William de la Pole, Duke of Suffolk, was now in favour with Margaret of Anjou. To him he owed this new promotion. But Suffolk's death left him without protectors at Court, and both the Queen and the King regarded him with personal dislike. At a Council held at Westminster, in the autumn of 1457, a storm of indignation burst upon him. Among the charges brought against him was this, "that he had written on profound subjects in the English language. What else but mischief to the ignorant vulgar could be expected from such productions?" And yet these English treatises were written with the express purpose of bringing back the Lollards to conformity. Peacock, in fact, was quite in advance of his age in the matter of religious toleration. He deliberately preferred persuasion to compulsion in dealing with dissidents. He maintained this proposition in particular, that "the clergy shall be condemned at the last day, if by clear wit they draw not men into consent of true faith otherwise than by fire, and sword, and hangment; although I will not deny," he adds, "these second means to be lawful, provided the former be first used." This was certainly a degree of enlightenment far above his contemporaries, and even many of his successors in after times. However, his enemies demanded that his books should be examined by a commission; and accordingly, twenty-four doctors reported to Archbishop Bourchier and his assessors, of whom Waynflete was one, that the nine books submitted to them were full of heresies. In particular, one John Bury, an Augustinian friar, published a Reply to the *Repressor*, under the title of the *Gladius Salomonis*. Of this treatise, which is very learned, acute, and ingenious, Mr. Babington gives us copious excerpts in an appendix. Bury's aim is to prove that "Scripture, and not reason, is the true mother of living morality." The whole discussion between Peacock and Bury relates to questions about which Mr. Babington judiciously pronounces no opinion, remarking that "they concern the very foundation of morals, and are likely to afford matter of disputation to ingenious men so long as the world shall last." Finally, Peacock was condemned by the Primate, and, shrinking from the alternative of being handed over to the secular arm, abjured his opinions publicly before twenty thousand persons at Paul's Cross. Among the propositions which he recanted were some which he had never held or maintained. It is to be regretted that his courage failed him so signally; but some allowance ought to be made for the peculiarity of his position. We must not forget that the works for which he was punished were composed in defence of the unreformed Church against Lollardism. He seems to have been utterly confounded at the unexpected turn which things had taken, and it is no wonder that he hesitated to throw in his lot with the religionists against whom he had been so long in controversy. Had a wiser and more moderate spirit prevailed in the hierarchy of that day, the Reformation would probably have been accomplished in England half a century earlier, and with far less damage to existing institutions.

Pecock's books were burnt publicly at Paul's Cross, and also in Oxford—the University signaling itself, says the editor, "in behalf of the orthodox or winning side," and going in solemn procession to the bonfire at Quatre-voix, now Carfax, the place where four roads met. Curiously enough, upon an appeal to Rome, Peacock obtained bulls of restitution to his see from the Pope. But, the King resisting, the deprived Bishop thought it best to accept a pension and retire to Thorney Abbey, where he remained in a kind of easy imprisonment till his death. Fabian's

* *The Repressor of Over-much Blaming of the Clergy*. By Reginald Peacock, D.D., sometime Lord Bishop of Chichester. Edited by Churchill Babington, B.D., Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge. 2 vols. London: Longmans. 1860.

Chronicle says that he was "kept in mews ever while he lived after;" and there is no reason to believe, as Bale and Foxe insinuate, that he was privily made away with.

Mr. Babington sums up the matter by declaring that Pecoock was "the acute propounder of a rational piety against unreasoning and most unreasonable opponents." His true position in controversial history has been singularly mistaken both by friends and enemies. The *Index Expurgatorius* of Madrid calls him "a false bishop and a Lutheran professor at Oxford." But Wharton, and Waterland, and Hallam have done full justice to his memory. It is not necessary to follow the present editor through his careful summary of all the numerous works of this prolific writer, so far as they are known to exist, or are mentioned by other authors. Mr. Babington deserves the highest credit for his scholarlike edition of this memorable book. We could wish that all the publications under the direction of the Master of the Rolls, of which series this forms one, had fallen into equally competent hands. A most useful and learned glossary is added, in which the obsolete words and grammatical forms of Pecoock's English are carefully explained.

Few local customs or contemporary historical facts are mentioned in the *Repressor*. We learn, however, that the London artisans of different trades wore different costumes, and that houses were decorated with branches and flowers on Midsummer Eve. London Bridge was supported by rents, upon which fact Pecoock founds an argument, which may serve as a specimen of his language and spelling:—

Alwey and euer, sithen the brige of Londoun was endewid with temperal rentis, the same brige hath be febler and febler, and euer schal so be into tyme be at his laste cast. What foloweth here of? Schulen men seie her of to folowe, that thilk temperal endewing so joun into the mentenance of the brige is harmful or yuel to the brige? Alle men witen weel that it not so folowith.

There is also a reference to miracle plays, which we may, perhaps, quote, as attention has been called to the dramatic performances this summer at Ammergau, in the Tyrol:—

Except whanne a quyk man is sett in a pley to be hangid nakid on a cross and to be in symyng woundid and scourgid. And this bifallithful seilde and in fewe placis and cuntrees.

Clocks are mentioned in one place as a recent invention, and there are some curious facts about London topography. Here are three popular superstitions noticed in one sentence as untrue and absurd:—

As is this opinioun, that a man which stalle sumtyme a birthen of thornis was sett in to the moone, there forto abide for cure; and this opinioun, that Saint Michaelis bonys resten in the Mount Michael; and this opinioun, that iij sistris (wiche be spiritis) comen to the cradilis of infantis, for to sette to the babe what schal bifalle to him.

Mr. Babington's volumes will be welcome to the philologist and antiquary, as well as to the theologian and student of secular and ecclesiastical history.

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